

CAP & GOWN
'95



Archives

Arthur Rutledge Young

August, 1895.

Arthur Rutledge Young

Seaside Tenn.



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Henry & Mary

D. M. Bailey

CAP AND GOWN

Vol. IV

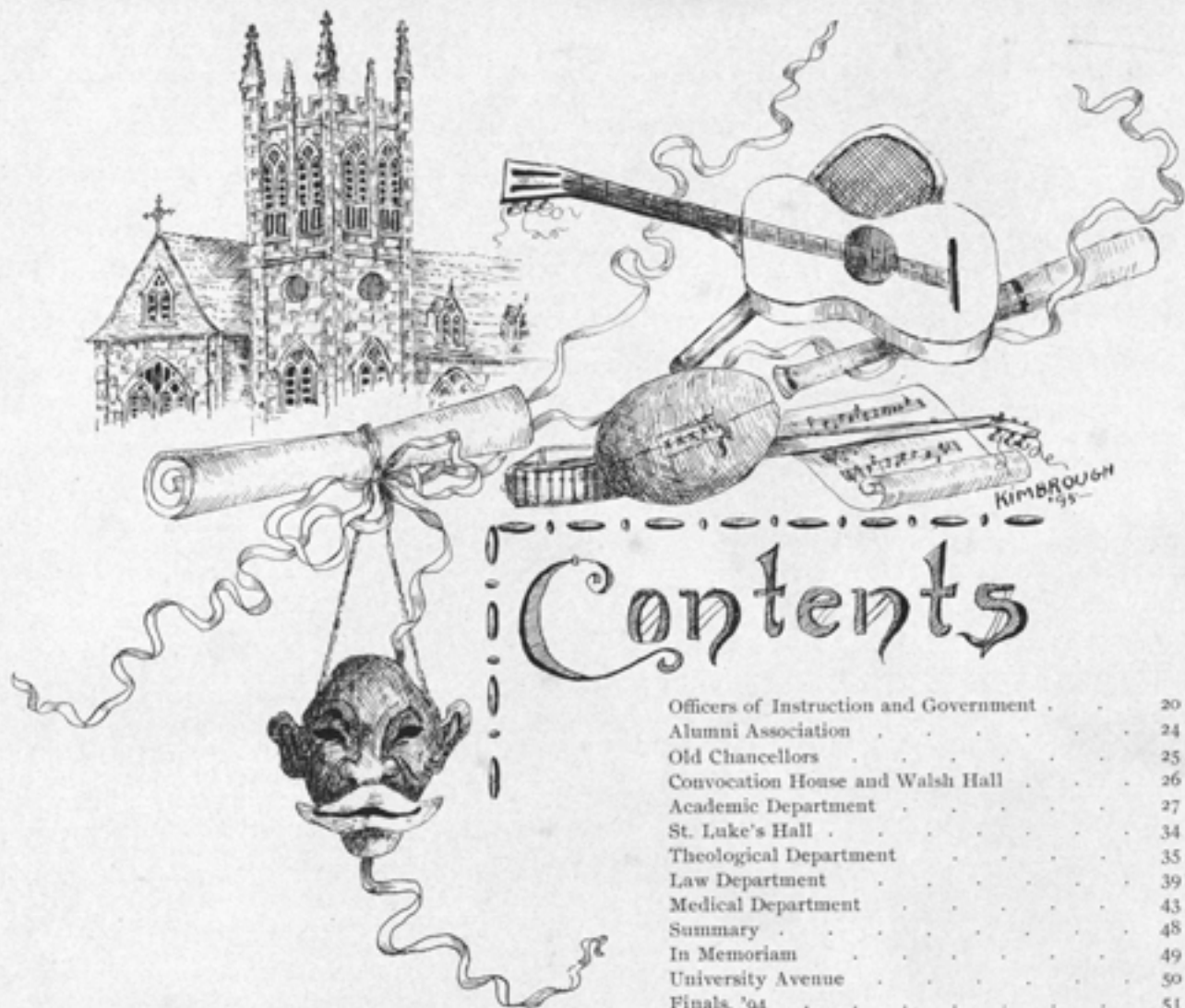


1895

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE





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To the
Chancellor of the University,
The Right Reverend
Thomas Underwood Dudley, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L.
Bishop of Kentucky,
This volume is affectionately dedicated.

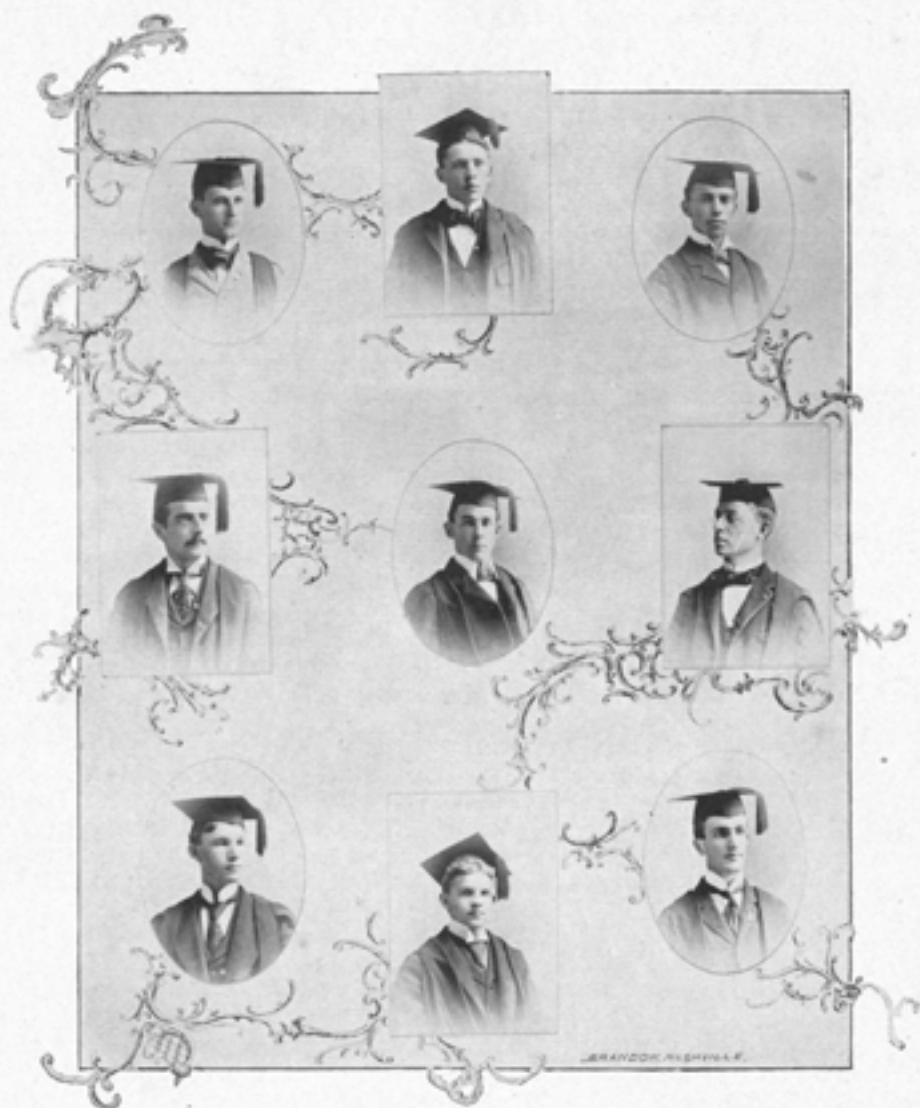
"He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortunes there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities."

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

WE DESIRE TO THANK —

MR. FRANCIS VAUX WILSON,
MR. THOMAS JAMES CROSBY, JR.
MR. FRANK RICHMOND KIMBROUGH,
AND MR. LUKE LEA,

FOR VALUABLE ASSISTANCE IN THE PREPARATION
AND PUBLICATION OF CAP AND GOWN.



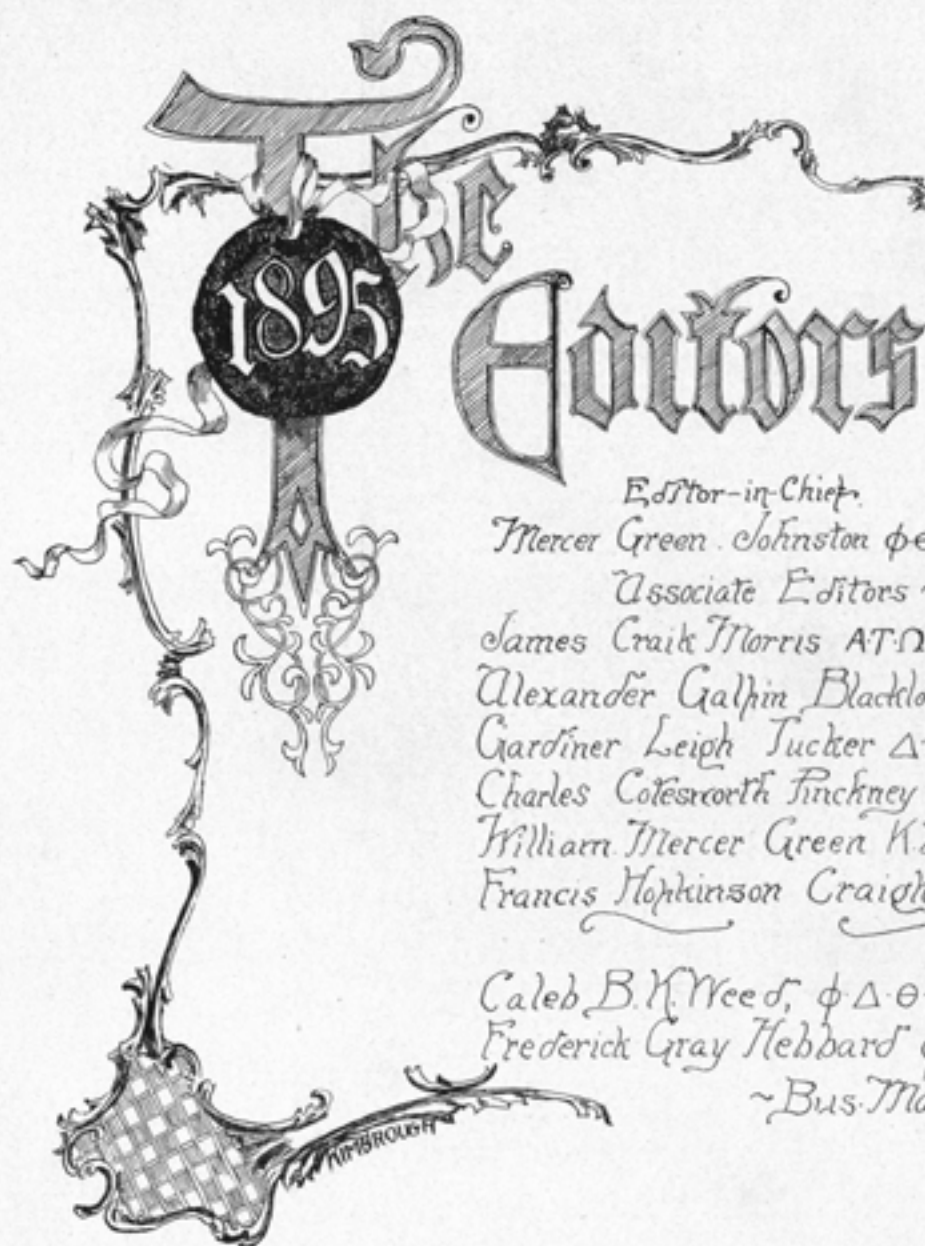
1900, PHOTO

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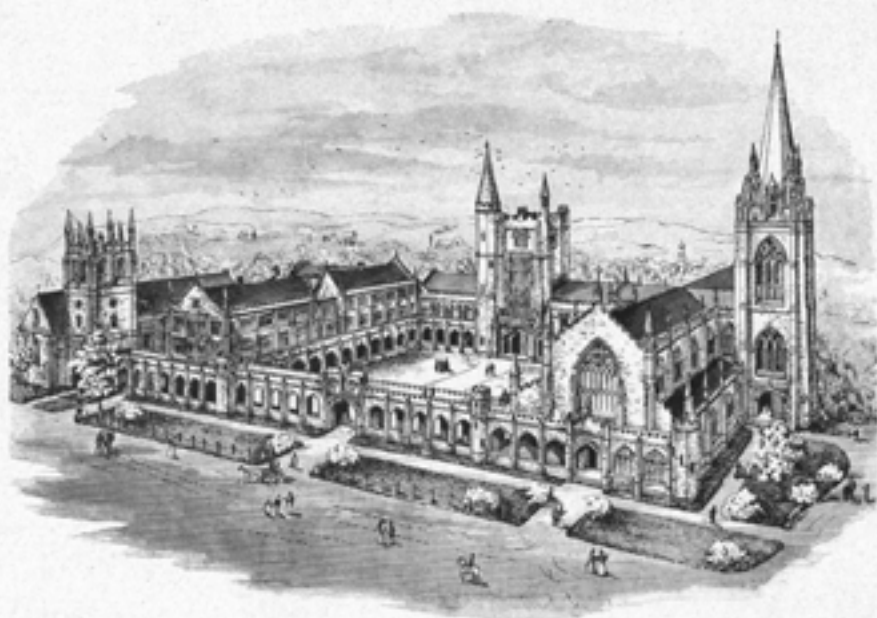
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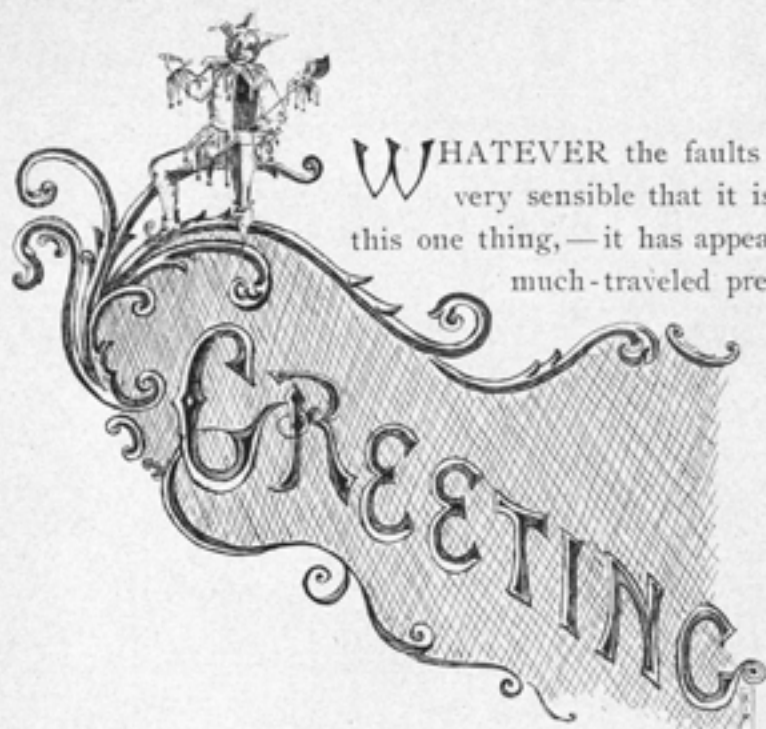
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~Bus. Man'g's



PROPOSED PLAN UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH



WHATEVER the faults of this volume may be,—and we are very sensible that it is not perfect—it must be credited with this one thing,—it has appeared on time. In this it differs from its much-traveled predecessor, the ill-fated Annual of 1892, as its sorely-tried Editor-in-Chief remains alive to testify.

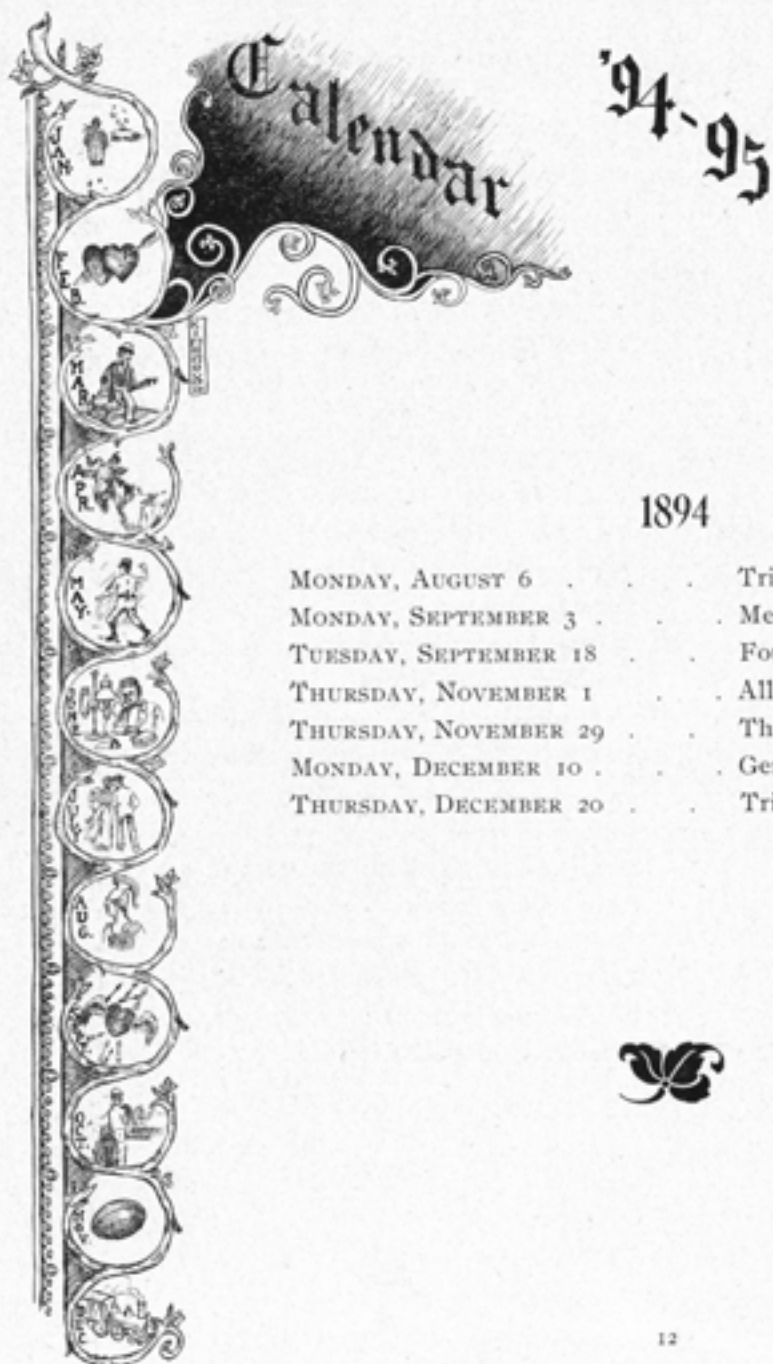
To the younger generation this fact may have no significance, but to the men of '92, who framed and many times and oft repeated the hateful question, "Mr. Mac, when will the Annual be out?" while they waited, with varying emotions, from the Fourth of July until Thanks-

giving Day for the record of their glorious achievements, which, during a part of this time, was quietly making a tour through the States—to these men this fact signifies much; and to them we more willingly commend this volume.

We frankly confess that in point of finish CAP AND GOWN of '95 is not what we had hoped to make it. So much of the limited time at our disposal had to be given to the more material parts of the volume, that we found our publishers demanding copy before the work of polishing had begun. But though our hopes have not been realized, we are convinced that our labors have not been in vain, for this volume will render less onerous the duties of future editors.

THE EDITORS.





1894

MONDAY, AUGUST 6	Trinity Term begins.
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3	Medical Commencement Exercises.
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18	Foundation Day — Holiday.
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1	All Saints' Day — Holiday.
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29	Thanksgiving Day — National Holiday.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 10	General Examinations begin.
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20	Trinity Term ends.



1895

THURSDAY, MARCH 7	Medical Department opens.
THURSDAY, MARCH 14	All other Departments of the University open.
FRIDAY, APRIL 12	Good Friday—Holiday.
SUNDAY, APRIL 14	Easter Day.
MONDAY, APRIL 15	Easter Monday—Holiday.
THURSDAY, MAY 23	Ascension Day—Holiday.
MONDAY, JUNE 3	Whitsun Monday—Holiday.
THURSDAY, JULY 4	National Holiday.
MONDAY, JULY 15	General Examinations begin.
THURSDAY, JULY 25	Board of Trustees meet.
	Contest in Debate for the Trent Medal.
FRIDAY, JULY 26	Contest in Declamation for the Knight Medal.
SATURDAY, JULY 27	Presentation of the Greek Play.
SUNDAY, JULY 28	Commencement Sermon, 11 A.M.; Annual Sermon before St. Luke's Brotherhood, 8 P.M.
MONDAY, JULY 29	Inter-Society Oratorical and Essay Contest.
TUESDAY, JULY 30	Address before the Literary Societies.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 31	Lent Term ends; Public Literary Exercises of the Associate Alumni.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 1	Commencement Day.

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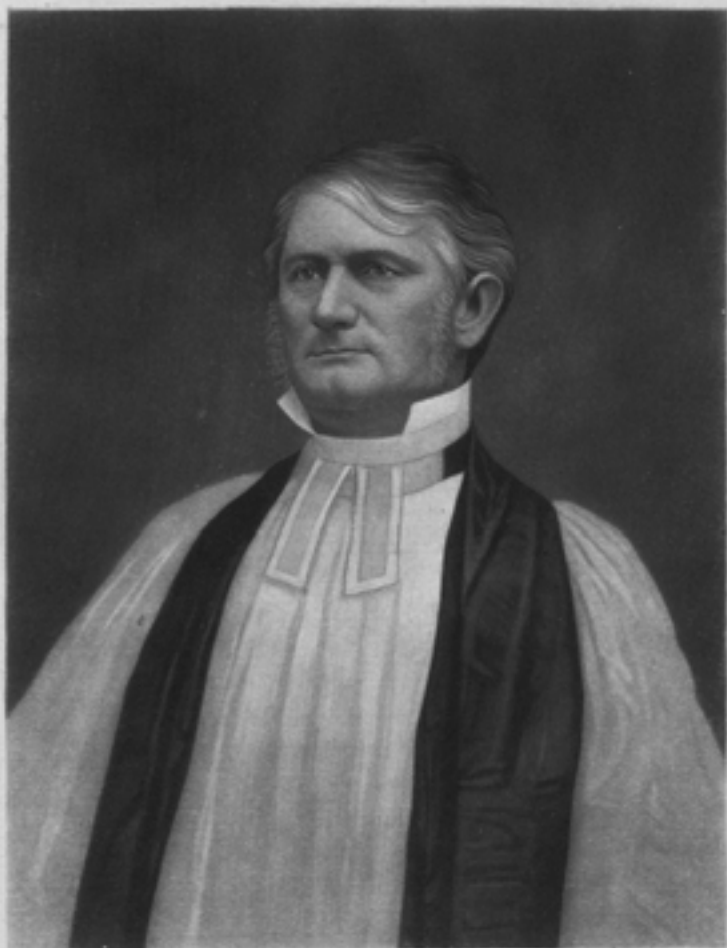
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Engraved by Wm. Furness.

Louisian Polk
BISHOP OF LOUISIANA (1861)



ABOVE THE CLOUDS

A Tribute

WHATEVER honor may be due Bishop Otey for the conception, and Bishop Polk for the foundation, of the University of the South, and it is much, not less honor is due Bishop Quintard for his heroic services in its behalf, without which their labors would have been in vain. As truly as Bishop Polk was founder, Bishop Quintard was savior, of this University; and their names should go down to posterity linked together, as Washington's and Lincoln's are for similar services in a greater but not truer cause.

The organ of the students of a certain Southern college, apologizing once for the defeat of its team by ours, said that it was "only downed by that great good luck with which heaven seems to have blessed this religious, little university"; and it was right. The "great good luck" with which heaven has blessed this "little university" was in putting it into the brave hearts of such men as Bishops Polk and Quintard—men of convictions, real, earnest convictions; and of action, quick, and fearless, and unselfish—the one to found, the other to save, this "little university." It is "great good luck" that such men as these should have *breathed* on our mountain top. They have given us examples of undaunted courage, of unselfish love, of unquenchable hope, of die-in-the-last-ditch determination, which are no small ingredients of that "Sewanee spirit" that has more than once called forth some comment on the "great good luck" that heaven has blessed us with.





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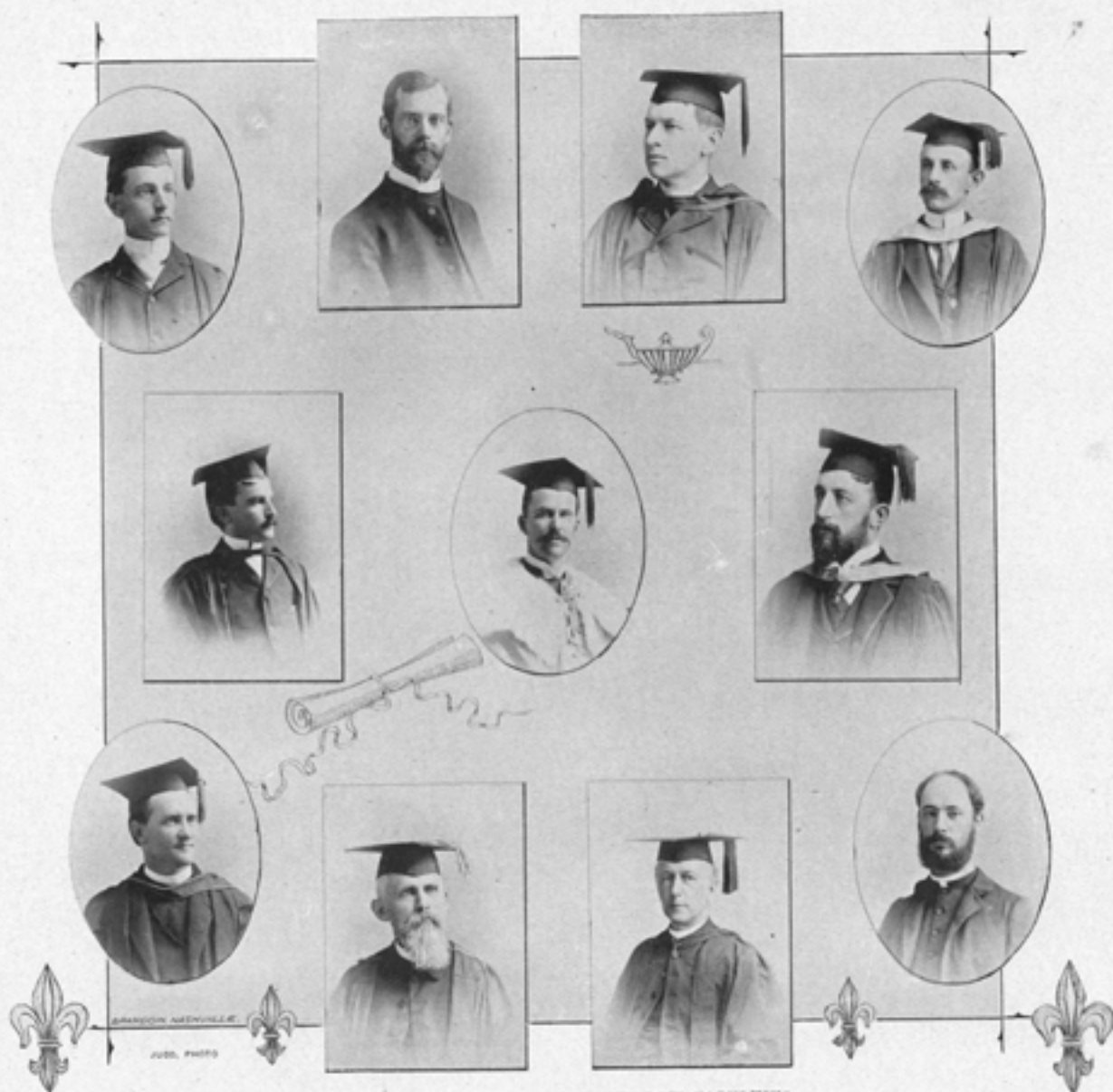


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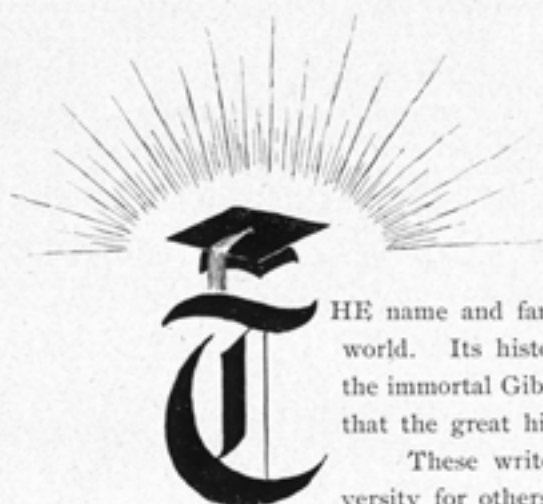
BISHOP OTEY, 1857-63
BISHOP GREEN, 1866-87

BISHOP ELLIOTT, 1863-66
BISHOP GREGG, 1887-93



CONVOCATION HOUSE AND WALSH MEMORIAL HALL.
VIEW FROM BISHOP QUINTARD'S RESIDENCE





The Academs

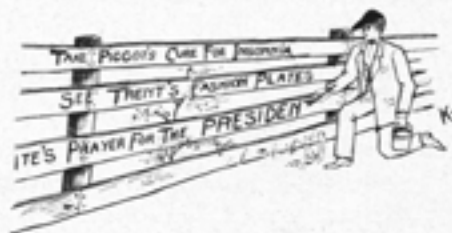
THE name and fame of this most favored body have gone out over the whole world. Its history has been written in minutest detail by certain rivals of the immortal Gibbon, who have, with becoming reverence, approached a subject that the great historian himself would have loved to treat.

These writers have left little in the greatest department of the University for others to mention. Even the exhumation of the original cornerstone, looking as new as ever, with 1860 carved in its side and 1893 scratched on the bottom, has been noised abroad throughout the land as an event of wonderful importance.

Grammar School boys thronged to see this stone, and certain Juniors wished to inscribe their names upon it, but were restrained by some mighty power, on account of which they were greatly disturbed, as it seems to cause an internal strain if a Junior is kept from carving at least his initials on a promising surface.

But though the historical side of the Academic Department has been often presented to the world, there are certain peculiarities left, which, if collected, would fill many pages as long as those of the Supply Store cash-book. Some of these peculiarities are peculiar to the Gownsmen, but for the most part they are peculiar to the Juniors, a nondescript body comprising all grades of humanity from the Great Unwashed of Slopville to the genius who sets forth newly discovered truths on freshly whitewashed fences.

The Junior is indeed a queer growth. The elements, whether of arithmetic or nature, do not affect him. Budding into life in March and August every year, he flourishes like an evergreen, unaffected by summer's heat or winter's cold. Other things wither away and die. Not so our verdant Junior. His eternal summer does not fade. If it be permissible to impute age to him, one might say he crowns a youth of freshness with a green old age.





It has been said that, as a class, the Junior has no uniformity, and that he is distinguished from other grades merely by having no distinguishing mark at all, which invidious remarks the Junior treats with disdain and pursues the even tenor of his way, skipping chapels, "busting" on quizzes and "bluffing" (?) professors, till one fine day the bachelor chairman of the Discipline Committee hauls him up with a round turn, and gives him a scare, by means of his practiced seriousness upon such occasions, the effects of which are known to have lasted two weeks in one case.

But to deny the Junior uniformity is to do him an injustice. Certainly he had uniformity once—under the old military regime—a gray one; and there can be little doubt that even today he has certain distinguishing marks. Conspicuous among these is his Sunday night calling. Of course there is nothing peculiar to the Junior in calling on Sunday night, because everybody does it, from the Grammar School kid to the bachelor professor. The mere fact, then, of his calling on Sunday night does not argue anything for or against the Junior; but the heroic manner in which he yields to what he apparently deems the stern necessity of his calling then, does argue something—is a characteristic.

Six days the Junior rests and does only what he *has* to do, and is happy. But on the seventh, he "hears voices," which impel him to more knightly deeds. He bolts his supper, dons his cutaway, cane and company manners, and sets out with grim determination to "make the rounds." To a casual observer, the Junior, when undergoing this self-inflicted ordeal, resembles an active Christian doing the Stages of the Cross in a Roman Catholic country, where they are arranged on a hillside. Starting out from his hall, the Junior hastily reaches his first destination or stage, where, after much handshaking, he seems to engage in silent prayer for half an hour, or until sufficient electricity is generated by persons going and coming to set him off. He then leaves abruptly, on the plea that other duties await him, and hastens, pell-mell, to the second stage, where he again lapses into silent meditation; and so on to the third and to the end. If the parlor air is well charged with electricity, he may complete the twelve stages





in one night. The chief enjoyment the Junior seems to derive from "making the rounds" is the delightful sensation he experiences when, having said "good night" and reached cool, free air again, he discovers that he is not dumb. It is like Keats covering his tongue and throat with cayenne pepper in order to appreciate the delicious coolness of claret in all of its glory. Some have refused to attribute such selfish motives to the Junior, however, and regarding him as the most altruistic of men, have accounted for his action by his desire to "please" the girls.

There is an instance on record of a Junior who attempted to substitute interrogation for meditation at one of his stages. The young lady whom he was causing to break the fourth commandment upon this memorable occasion, happened not to be a Sewanee girl; so, when her caller had silently studied the clock for his allotted half hour, she unfortunately looked as if she expected him to say something. He did not disappoint her. "Miss Truman, do you know Colonel Ropes?" and a light came into his eyes. "No, I do not, Mr. Marburg," she replied, and a querulous look came in her eyes. "Well-cr-er, I don't know him either," he said, and the light died out of his eyes. Her face was a study. It was her first visit to Sewanee. "Why, why did you ask me, then?" and in spite of herself her brow knitted for a moment. "I just thought you might know him; I had heard of him." He looked penitent. He had forgotten his meditations. "No; I am quite sure I do not know him—never heard of him. I am sorry," she added, with a mixture of apology and sadness. It was the one opportunity of the evening, and it was lost. He resumed his meditations, and five minutes later arose, thanked her for a delightful call, apologized for rushing off, and disappeared like a shot.

If a Gownsmen happens to run in on a lot of Juniors while undergoing the social ordeal, the meditations, or rather observations, of the latter are rather lengthened than cut short, for the Junior has a sneaking idea that there must be some secret in this custom of calling that he has not yet fathomed. But let one of our bachelor professors drop in on them, and the last one of them files out through the door as he enters, leaving him in doubt as to whether he is suspected of leprosy, or just what has



caused the wholesale exodus. But the Junior, on the whole, is attractive and lovable, and made of good stuff. Given age, he is all right. If he is not a Beau Brummel when he begins, he is not a cad, and soon gets licked into shape. And it is only just to confess that there are Juniors who do not show the characteristics above referred to, and Gownsmen who do.

A Junior's days are not without limit. He is father to the Gownsmen, into whose dignified order he is suddenly translated one happy day by the "so potent art" of the "V. C." Having won a place in this body, the Junior finally gets a badge by which one can distinguish him from the covite or the visitor—the cap and gown. It is a great day in a student's life when, for the first time, he goes out doors with his sombre drapery and turns his steps toward chapel. This strange feeling is realized by his friends, and in order that he may not forget the way to chapel, being so wrapped up in his new honor, they show their regard for him by "hepping" him to the door of the sacred building, and smile kindly upon him when he takes his seat, signifying by nods and gestures that another "squab" has been added to the "nest."

Why it is that the Junior is so anxious to wear a cap and gown and the Gownsmen is so anxious not to wear them, is not clear to any one, but this is the case only for a short time. As long as that unaccountable creation of the Divine Will—the summer girl—is on the mountain, the Gownsmen uses his picturesque costume to ensnare her young and unsuspecting affections, for she always thinks the academic uniform is "cute," "sweet," and "so becoming." The foxy Gownsmen, knowing this, frequently drops in "to see a fellow" between classes or after chapel. This is but one of the many foibles of the wily Gownsmen. It would take volumes to tell of the schemes he lays both for the coy maiden and for the Junior grub.

But with all the foibles of the much-berated Junior and the much-conceited Gownsmen, they are universally beloved, and are emphatically not only "the stuff," but

THE UNIVERSITY.



Academic Department



WILLIAM P. TRENT, M. A., *Dean.*



Gownsmen

Francis Willis Ambler	Atlanta, Ga.	Henry Chastaigner Mazyck, Jr.	Charleston, S. C.
Samuel Cary Beckwith	Petersburg, Va.	Robert Franklin McMillan	Georgetown, D. C.
John Becan	Sewanee, Tenn.	Willis Wilkinson Memminger	Charleston, S. C.
Robert Benedict	Fort Meade, Fla.	Harry Judah Mikell	Sumter, S. C.
William Breithaupt Benjamin	Illawara, La.	Howard Lord Morehouse	Milwaukee, Wis.
Paul Berghaus	Wilmington, Del.	John Morton Morris	Louisville, Ky.
Alexander Galpin Blacklock	Cleveland, Tenn.	Thomas Pasteur Noë	Beaufort, N. C.
Percy Brown	Spring Hill, Tenn.	William Carigan Pickens	Greensboro, Ala.
Wilbur Gayle Brown	Sewanee, Tenn.	Roland Jones Pickett	Shreveport, La.
Spruille Burford	New York City.	Charles Cotesworth Pinckney	Charleston, S. C.
John Ashley Chapin	Maysville, Ky.	William Clendennen Robertson	Houston, Tex.
Edward Ellerbe Cobbs	Montgomery, Ala.	Richard Sanford Rust, Jr.	Atlanta, Ga.
Francis Hopkinson Craighill	Forestville, Md.	John Armistead Selden	Augusta, Ga.
Ward Dabney	Bonham, Texas.	José Martin Selden	Augusta, Ga.
Reverdy Van Warren Estill	Louisville, Ky.	Grant Shepherd	Batopilas, Mexico.
George Henry Glass	Hearne, Texas.	Walter Lennie Smith	Austin, Texas.
William Mercer Green, Jr.	Sewanee, Tenn.	Harold Thomas	Columbia, S. C.
James Birney Guthrie	New Orleans, La.	Oscar Noel Torian	Evansville, Ind.
Frederick Harriman Harding,	Washington, N. C.	Prentiss Tucker	Mobile, Ala.
Pinckney Alston Hazlehurst	Brunswick, Ga.	Gardiner Leigh Tucker	Mobile, Ala.
Frederic Gray Hebbard	New York City.	Hugh Frederick Woodhouse	Vernon, England.
William Henderson, Jr.	New Orleans, La.	Arthur Rutledge Young	Charleston, S. C.
Richard Wallace Hogue	Marion, Ala.	Caleb Brintnall Knevals Weed,	East Orange, N. J.
Mercer Green Johnston	San Antonio, Texas.	William Whitaker	Tyler, Texas.
William Weems Jones	Shreveport, La.	Allen Harvey Woodward	Birmingham, Ala.
Nevill Joyner	Kelly, Miss.	Samuel Alston Wragg	St. Louis, Mo.
Warner Douglas Matthews	Jacksonville, Fla.		

Juniors

Samuel James Adams	Dallas, Texas.	Robert Maxey	Austin, Texas.
Julien Baptiste Adoue . . .	Calvert, Texas.	Henry Roysens McKeage . .	Clarksville, Tenn.
George Cortner Aydelott . .	Tullahoma, Tenn.	Albert David McPhail . . .	Marshall, Texas.
William McCaslan Barnwell .	Abbeville, S. C.	Malcolm N. McCullough . .	Brunswick, Ga.
Robert Stribling Barrett, Jr.	Washington, D. C.	Roy Morrison	Tampa, Fla.
Harbert Wilson Benjamin . .	Illawara, La.	Charles Stevens Partridge .	Selma, Ala.
John Henry Brown	Columbia, S. C.	Edward Johnson Peters . . .	Atlanta, Ga.
William Allison Buntin . . .	Nashville, Tenn.	William Foster Pettit . . .	New Orleans, La.
Hart Carnahan	San Antonio, Texas.	William Henry Poole	Glyndon, Md.
William Pinckney Coleman . .	Marshall, Texas.	Melville Arnold Reeve . . .	Greenville, Tenn.
Charles Blayney Colmore . . .	Sewanee, Tenn.	Albert Smith Richardson . .	Nashville, Tenn.
Lionel Henry Colmore	Sewanee, Tenn.	Howard Sank Risley	Georgetown, S. C.
James Montgomery Crank . . .	Houston, Texas.	John Leonhart Ruef	Sewanee, Tenn.
St. John Courtenay	Newry, S. C.	Henry Goldthwaite Seibels .	Montgomery, Ala.
Albert Hueling Davis	Cincinnati, Ohio.	John Conness Shepherd . . .	Batopilas, Mexico.
Kennett Malcomb Douglas . .	Evansville, Ind.	Bayard Benoist Shields . . .	Jacksonville, Fla.
Horace Rainsford Drew . . .	Jacksonville, Fla.	Charles John Slack	Rosedale, La.
Robert Marion Du Bose, Jr. .	Sewanee, Tenn.	Alvin Wilson Skardon	New Orleans, La.
Henry Foster Dunlavy	Richmond, Texas.	Sidney Bertrand Smith . . .	Rockvale, Tenn.
George Clifton Edwards	Dallas, Texas.	Frederic Emanuel Solomon . .	Savannah, Ga.
Charles Gunter Elmore	Montgomery, Ala.	Ralph Delaney Southwell . .	New Iberia, La.
Edgar Howard Farrar, Jr. . .	New Orleans, La.	Patrick Lewis Stacker	Clarksville, Tenn.
Charles Dawson Francis . . .	Winchester, Tenn.	Eugene Valjean Stevenson . .	Dallas, Texas.
Hamilton Pope Galt	Louisville, Ky.	William Augustus Strother . .	Edgefield, S. C.
Lyle Garrison	Webb City, Mo.	John Stewart Tanner	New Orleans, La.
William Henry Gaston, Jr. . .	Dallas, Texas.	Joseph Hill Walker	Fairfield, Tenn.
James Severin Green	Nashville, Tenn.	William Worthington Webster .	Dayton, Ohio.
Duncan Cameron Green	Sewanee, Tenn.	William Beverly Westcott . .	Montgomery, Ala.
Frank Collins Hawkins	Sewanee, Tenn.	Samuel Wilson	New Orleans, La.
Telfair Hodgson	Sewanee, Tenn.	George Croft Williams	Aiken, S. C.
George Arnold Hogsett, Jr. . .	New Orleans, La.	Luther George Hallam Williams	Macon, Ga.
William Hammond Hurter . . .	Montgomery, Ala.	Harrison Moores Whitaker, Jr.	Tyler, Texas.
William Selden Kirby-Smith .	Sewanee, Tenn.	Jasper Wooldridge	Austin, Texas.
Carl Moorman Lane	Greenville, Tenn.	George Caruth Worthington .	Orange Park, Fla.
Samuel Duncan Mangum	Collierville, Tenn.		



ST. LUKE'S HALL



The Theologues and Postulants



At present there are in the Theological Department, besides professors and postulants, five deacons, eleven plain theologues, and Sam. Sam is the janitor. Whether the youthful "Bishop" from New Orleans ranks with the theologues or the postulants is a disputed point which we shall not attempt to decide, but the Bishop thinks that his episcopal honors ought to make him rank with the Dean, Sam, and the cook, who are the ruling powers at St. Luke's. A year ago the Department boasted a cardinal, but he left last winter for Ohio and committed matrimony. One of the deacons claims to be a celibate—that is, he came to Sewanee with the declared intention of spending his natural life in single blessedness. That was a year ago. Now, however, it is noted that he is displaying a weakness for receptions and afternoon teas, and it is even darkly hinted that he carries a picture of a Cowan girl in his left hand vest pocket! The only inference is that his ascetic ardor is cooling. The belles of Cowan and Decherd have doubtless exerted a mollifying influence upon his cold heart.

The home of the Theological Department is St. Luke's; here they dwell together in peace and harmony (?). In the lapse of the rolling years the atmosphere of piety and the sacred associations have combined to impregnate even the stones and walls of old St. Luke's with a certain "odor of sanctity," which is at times almost overpowering.

The postulants are allowed to sojourn in St. Luke's, tolerated, no doubt, in the hope that the influence of this "odor of sanctity" may make something out of them. The Sewanee air and the Sewanee spirit have done some wonderful things. Men have been weaned from a useless habit of studying books, and been developed into good football players; and the super-sanctified individual who came up two years ago with lofty ideals now says he sees no harm in a good game of tiddley-winks, with matches as stakes; while the learned professor who used to be content with "store" clothes and brogans now has three tailors and changes his tie for every class.



But we digress. A postulant, we may remark, for the benefit of the uninitiated, is one who intends, or whom somebody else intends, to study for the ministry. The name from *postulare*, to demand, indicates the prominent idiosyncrasy of the postulant to want everything in sight—a trait that shows itself most prominently at 7.30 A. M., 1.00 noon, and 6.30 P. M.

The term *theological* is generally believed at Sewanee to be a corruption of "ornithological," so given to the Department on account of the number of birds therein. We may say, however, that this is repudiated by the theologues themselves as being simply the result of envy on the part of those unfortunates excluded from the gentle sway of Sam and the Dean.

But seriously, the Theological Department exercises now, as it has always exercised, a powerful influence over the affairs of the University. The literary societies exist mainly by its support. It is from St. Luke's, as a rule, that the inter-society and inter-collegiate orators and debaters have come. The classes of the University are generally led by her students. Both Dutch and Germans have been led by them; and few are more skilled than they in breaking the heart of the merry Summer Girl. The fraternities draw some of their best men and strongest rushers from the theological ranks, and at the festal banquet board, when mirth and wine flow round, and hearts of men grow jolly, the theologue presides as toastmaster, and leads the jovial song. Even on the field of battle, in the gore and carnage of the gridiron, the sturdy soldiers of the Lord most doughty, valorous deeds perform for the honor of the purple standard.

There is no branch of college life where their talents are not respected, where their influence is not felt.



Theological Department



REV. W. P. DuBOSE, S.T.D., *Dean.*

Rev. Colin Sharp Bassett	Edmonton, Eng.
Rev. Frederick Higginbottom Burrell	Arcola, Ill.
Henry Roberts Carson	New Orleans, La.
Francis Langing Coyle, M. A.	New Orleans, La.
Rev. Walter Edwin Dakin	Tullahoma, Tenn.
William Haskell DuBose, M. A.	Sewanee, Tenn.
Rev. Henry Easter	Sewanee, Tenn.
James Wilmer Gresham	New Orleans, La.
James Willis Cantey Johnson	Charleston, S. C.
William Fletcher Loveless	Pensacola, Fla.
Stuart Strother Maclean	Atlanta, Ga.
James Craik Morris, M. A.	Louisville, Ky.
William Samuel Slack, B. A.	Rosedale, La.
Rev. Russell Kane Smith	Alleghany, Pa.
Henry Esten Spears	Paris, Ky.
Thomas Tracy Walsh	Sumter, S. C.
James Daniell Warren	Orange Lake, Fla.
Clarence Sylvester Wood	Atlanta, Ga.
Rev. Joseph Herbert Woodward	Meridian, Miss.



The Laws

"In the noise of the bar and crowds of the Hall,
Tho' destined still longer to move,
Let my thoughts wander home, and my memory recall
The dear pleasures of beauty and love."

THE history of the Law Class of '95, like that of classes generally, is for the most part void of those exciting episodes which so often fill the annals of other organizations, for the average student looks rather to the future than to the past. This tendency quickens his ambition, and he sighs for the time when he, too, can take a hand in settling affairs of state, or in legislating for the more orderly development of the universe. It would, therefore, be far easier to write in this connection a book of prophecy than one of history, for in place of the meagre material for the latter the opportunities for the former would be boundless.

First of all comes athletics. But, unfortunately, the men of '95, as a class, have little to boast of in this field, although several of the men know the difference between a pigskin and a sheepskin; and a few can tell you a thing or two about the diamond. When, however, forensic gifts are considered, a somewhat better showing can be made; and in the matter of languages it is related on pretty good authority that one of the law men has been known to lead in the german.

There are no poets in the Class of this year. Indeed, it has been claimed that Goethe is the only person with a legal training who has so far been able to woo the muse successfully; but there are grave reasons for disputing this statement. One has only to glance at the pages of Blackstone, for example, or read the literature of mortgages, to realize at once how strongly the imagination is appealed to in legal studies, to say nothing of the proverbial fictions of the law. Talk about wit! Who can read from day to day the side-splitting jokes of Tiedeman or the delicate irony of Bispham without feeling ready to dig his most sedate neighbor in the ribs or convulse with laughter an entire dining hall by quoting a few sallies from Justinian. It is just such comic authors who lighten the burdens of law students and make them feel on the best of terms with all the world. Yet there are no poets in '95.

Most of the law men belong to fraternities; and all of them are members of the Greenleaf Club and of the Moot Court. Each man hopes to get to Congress some day. In politics there

are all shades of political opinion, almost every party being represented. The sole representative of the prohibition heresy is reported to have been drowned last Christmas in the swimming tank. There is a pretty general unanimity of opinion in the matter of finance, all the men being heartily in favor of it, and plenty of it, at that. Hence the alarm with which the income tax was viewed until the Supreme Court came to the rescue, when the panic in Walsh Hall subsided. But the class sentiment appears to be somewhat divided on the tariff and railroad questions, one section being inclined to favor free trade—especially at the Supply Store—and another to demand a "short haul" clause in the railroad law of Tennessee. "The shorter the haul the better" is the cry of the more radical wing of this element; and "the longer the haul the better" that of the more conservative portion.

A distinctive yell has never been adopted by the Class; but its members have lusty lungs, and can make themselves heard when they try real hard. It is also worthy of note that most of the men manifest decided talent along certain branches of their profession. The majority, for example, lean toward the subject of personal attachments, while one or two only give promise of great success in the field of pleading. It has been stoutly denied, however, that it was a law student who, on being told a short time ago by a visitor to the mountain, "I have seen sixteen summers," inquired, on cross-examination, "How long have you been blind?" Such questions are left to the irreverent Academs, for the law is not only a great respecter of age, but forbids all leading questions.

The Law Department, having been born in the spring, naturally took green as its color; but there are some who comment on the fact in a way that is fatal to the vanity of a junior Law. Others see in the hue the symbol of a client before he has sought advice of counsel, and others still claim that it typifies the mental constitution of a person who seeks advice of counsel under any circumstances.

But the time has come at last when the raw militiaman must be ready for active service. The fight will be no skirmish, for it will last throughout life, and its issues will mean everything. Not even an injunction will then keep off failure, nor will an execution satisfy all the demands of an exacting world. In coming years, therefore, when the law man of '95 is industriously reading his shingle, or, with anxious heart, studying the calendar as it marks the rapid approach of the first of the month and the bill collector, memory will often bring him back to his mountain home. He will live over again and again his life here. Meanwhile, Sewanee's friendship, her blessings and her faith, will sweeten for him many a sorrow, and make for him more joyous his joys, for his joys and sorrows will be her's also.

Law Department



BURR J. RAMAGE, PH.D., *Dean.*

Rev. Robert Henry Cole, M. A., B. D.	Quebec, Canada.
Francis Tebbets Constant	Illawara, La.
Arthur Crownover	Sewanee, Tenn.
Walter Percy Donalson	San Marcos, Texas.
Paul Mason Daniel Dowdall	Morrisonville, Ill.
Richard Hobbs, Jr.	Albany, Ga.
George Wilmer Hodgson	Richmond, Va.
Frank Lafayette Lynch	Decherd, Tenn.
John Parker Mallory	Jackson, Tenn.
Robert Wauillier Owens	Jeffersontown, Ky.
Jurd Ellis Pearson	Alto, Tenn.
Joseph S. Raine, Jr.	Atlanta, Ga.
Samuel Dalrymple Scholes, Jr.	Springfield, Ill.
Edward Wicks	Galveston, Texas.
Frank Johnston Verger	Sewanee, Tenn.



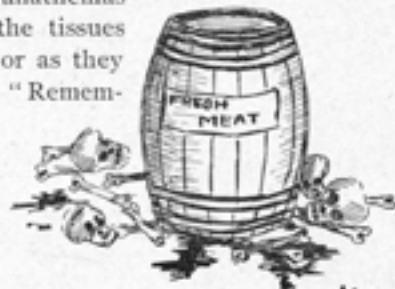
The Meds



HERE was a time, and not a far distant time, when Thompson Hall responded to the echoes of the classics, and students basked in the sunshine of the Metaphysical Muse. Well, no; not always basked, for often the Muse appeared not at the time when the baskers expected to bask. Were this their joy or sorrow, deponent sayeth not. When old Thompson lost her sons of these noble arts she did not lay herself down in sackcloth and ashes, but buckled on the armor of gladness. She was promoted to the position of a department, and Medicus has there ruled supreme for the past four years. Our brother of the crimson tassel carries himself proudly within her portals, monarch of all he surveys.

A Cerberus resides in her bowels, a guard and menace against all invaders. His light can be seen at all hours of the night. When the shades of evening mantle the mountain top one may notice the faint glimmer of light in her topmost apartment. Curiosity inquires: "What's that light? I wonder what the medical students are doing up yonder. Let's go and see." No sooner said than done. Medicus, on admitting the visitors, exclaims, "Easy fruit!" O ye shades of Pluto! The tarrying is not long, and away speeds Curiosity with possibly an uneasy and peculiar feeling in the neighborhood of his belt, or a delicate memento of his visit nestled safely away in his coat-tail pocket. O perfumes of Araby the Blest! Curiosity satisfied; vengeance vowed against Medicus. Sambo passeth by, glanceth up, getteth many shades lighter, quickeneth his pace, remarking: "Dem medicals sho' got him."

In the attic, sitting beneath a fiery Rochester, Medicus wieldeth the scalpel, and every moment hurlth anathemas against Dame Nature for not making the tissues appear as the professor described them, or as they are represented in the cuts of his text. "Remember it as you see it," says the Demonstrator; "there is no teacher like Nature." Below there is a contest between rich and rare perfumes. Academicus and Medicus sit in joyful contemplation over the fumes of chlorine and the sulphides of carbon and hydrogen; each



K.

more pleasing than the last. Of course victory rests with these, and the dissecting room is distanced in the race. The bell announces—well, no, not dinner, but that a professor is running a little over his time, and a polite reminder is hereby given him to bring his lecture to a close, or to warn tarrying Medicus that an empty seat is awaiting him. The professor looks appealingly towards the bell and requests a few minutes more of grace; Medicus condemns the bell to regions of perpetual snow. The bell rings serenely on, entirely oblivious of appealing glance or condemnatory remark, and lecture follows lecture with continuous regularity.



Thus poor Medicus, on his lecture bench, listens to medical lore *ad nauseam*, hears how calomel and ipecac are panaceas for all ills; how glasses can cure dyspepsia; how boils are called *furuncles*; and the smallest muscles bear the longest names. The first course man learns about the symptoms of dread disease. With startling eyes and haggard face, he perceives in himself the sure and certain signs and subjective feeling of each and every symptom. Poor, deluded

mortal! About the time he has suffered from all the diseases to which poor frail mortality is subject, he realizes himself as his own dupe, and proceeds immediately to obtain for himself mental emancipation. This personal equation is then solved, he is himself once more, and now settles down into a hard-worked medical student. Each professor considers him his own legitimate prey, and puts upon his shoulders work utterly without consideration of the load he is already carrying for



his fellow-teacher. Almost from chapel time to ten at night, is Medicus to be found in his building, and then to be met with the entrancing spectre—a quiz for tomorrow. No wonder his hair becomes gray, and groans are heard on the midnight air.

Sometimes a small respite is granted him, when a member of the Visiting Staff fails to catch his train. You can see him, with watchful eye and strained expectancy, observing the approach of Wallace and his hack. It is lecture or no lecture to him. The quiet glint of his eye announces a non-arrival and the drop of his lower jaw the coming lecture.

He toils and labors on, with the goal of M. D. beckoning him forward and sustaining his fainting heart, a hard-working and much imposed-on man. Nevertheless, on Sunday he appears at Chapel in his best bib and tucker, a veritable dude, with no thought of what he has been through during the past week, and taking no care for the morrow. He smiles and enjoys life with the best, and leads the fair Dulcinea in quiet evening strolls. He tells her how his



is the greatest profession in the world, and how he knows his department does more work than any in the University. The forthcoming sheepskin will prove this to everyone, and with flowing gown and gorgeous hood he will be the observed of all observers.

He can imagine himself, on the eventful day, impatiently awaiting to be announced an honorable graduate in the noble Art of Medicine, the conferring of the degree, and the congratulations of his friends. His mind runs riot, and he sees himself with his first patient; how he can see no reason for being nervous; how calm and collected he is going to be; how successful will be his treatment, and what credit will be given his ability.

All this floats in visions before his mind's eye. Suddenly a distant bell recalls him to himself and supper. His dream is at an end. Its realization is in the future. May this sudden reminder of present work be not a damper to his aspirations, but a stimulus to future exertions. Let him keep ever before him this motto: "Perseverance conquereth all things"; and may the crown of success, a just reward for his labors, meet him at the haven where he would be.



Medical Department



JOHN S. CAIN, M.D., *Dean.*

William Cline Allen . Philadelphia, Pa.	William Jackson . . . Sherman, Texas.
Charles Fay Amos . Fairmont, W. Va.	Leslie Eugene Kelton . Corsicana, Tex.
Charles Brunny . New Orleans, La.	Terry Kinney . . . Ripley, Miss.
Stephen Siverlo Carter . Bradleyton, Ala.	Reynold Marvin Kirby-Smith . Sewanee, Tenn.
John Lauderdale Corbett . Glasgow, Mo.	Thomas Howard Knight . Melbourne, Fla.
Morgan Joseph Cramer . Chest Springs, Pa.	Lewis Smith Mershon . Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph Stephen Daniel . Corsicana, Texas.	Albertus Adair Moore, Jr. . Camden, S. C.
William Edward DeLong . Philadelphia, Pa.	Marshall Dalzler Murray . Orangeburg, S. C.
William John Emmer . New Iberia, La.	Charles Augustus Post . . . Aurora, Mo.
Alvah Arlington Fisher . Barnesville, Pa.	John Stewart Tanner . New Orleans, La.
Ira Curtin Foster . Kittanning, Pa.	James Franklin Taylor . Booneville, Miss.
William Mack Gallaher . Waynesboro, Tenn.	Harry N. Teeters, D.D.S. Monongahela, Pa.
John Ross Gilbert . Bordentown, N. J.	Vernon LaGrange Terrell . Jackson, Miss.
Aaron Erastus Hain . Birdsboro, Pa.	William Arthur W. Turnbull . Wakefield, Eng.
Washington Allen Harper . Hail, Tex.	Percy Hogan Woodall . Nashville, Tenn.
Philip Edward Hepler . Fairmount City, Pa.	Ambrose Gaines Worley . St. Augustine, Fla.
David Albert Hootman . South Strabane, Pa.	Marion Albert Young . . . Abbeville, La.

Summary



Number by States

Alabama	13	Florida	10
Delaware	1	Louisiana	23
District of Columbia	2	New York	2
Georgia	13	Kentucky	7
Virginia	2	Maryland	2
Tennessee	35	Texas	25
North Carolina	2	Mississippi	5
South Carolina	16	Wisconsin	1
Mexico	2	Indiana	2
England	3	New Jersey	2
Missouri	4	Ohio	2
Illinois	3	Pennsylvania	11
Canada	1	West Virginia	1
Total	190		



Number in Departments

Academic	122	Law	15
Theological	19	Medical	34

In Memoriam.

ERNEST HOWARD ROWELL, M. A., '91.

DIED DECEMBER 2, 1894.

DAVID BRANDON STANTON,

DIED DECEMBER 27, 1894.

AUGUSTUS BOUCHER, M. A., '91.

DIED APRIL 9, 1895.

PINCKNEY ALSTON HAZLEHURST,

DIED IN JUNE, 1895.



UNIVERSITY AVENUE



FINALS

W. H. R. S.

Commencement, 1894



Tuesday, July 24th

At 8 P. M., Address before the Literary Societies, in Forensic Hall, by Reverend John Fearnley, M. A.

Wednesday, July 25th

At 8 P. M., Contest in Debate, in Forensic Hall, for Trent Medal. Question: "*Resolved, That United States Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people.*" *Affirmative*: W. C. Robertson, *Σ E*, and J. W. Gresham, *Π Ω*. *Negative*: G. L. Tucker, *Π Ω*, and J. W. C. Johnson, *Σ E*. Medal awarded to J. W. Gresham.

Thursday, July 26th

At 9 A. M., Board of Trustees met. Service, Address, and Celebration of Holy Communion in St. Augustine's Chapel.

Friday, July 27th

At 8 P. M., Contest in Declamation for the Knight Medal. Contestants: J. M. Morris, W. C. Robertson, S. S. Maclean, E. V. Stevenson, W. H. Lipscomb, and R. W. Hogue. Winner: S. S. Maclean.

Saturday, July 28th

At 8 P. M., The "Antigone" of Sophocles, presented by the students of the Greek Department, in Forensic Hall.

Sunday, July 29th

At 11 A. M., Commencement Sermon in St. Augustine's Chapel, by the Right Reverend, the Bishop of Texas.

At 8 P. M., Annual Sermon before St. Luke's Brotherhood in St. Augustine's Chapel, by the Right Reverend, the Bishop of South Carolina.

Monday, July 30th

At 8 P. M., Contest in Oratory, and Essay Writing, in Forensic Hall between Pi Omega and Sigma Epsilon Literary Societies for the DeBow Cup for Oratory, and the Brown Cup for Essay. S. S. Maclean and M. G. Johnston represented *Π Ω*, and S. Burford and A. G. Blacklock, *Σ E*, in the Oratorical Contest. M. G. Johnston won the cup for *Π Ω*, and the Louisiana Medal for Oratory was awarded to him. In the Essay Contest, John A. Chapin represented *Π Ω*, and R. A. Lee, *Σ E*. The former won for *Π Ω*.

Tuesday, July 31st

At 8 P. M., Second production of the "Antigone" of Sophocles in Forensic Hall.

Wednesday, August 1st

At 8 P. M., Public Literary Exercises of the Associate Alumni in Forensic Hall. Mr. F. L. Coyle, M. A., *Orator*, Rev. Hudson Stuck, *Prophet*, and Rev. John Fearnley, M. A., *Poet*.

At 10 P. M., Annual Banquet of Alumni in Walsh Memorial Hall.

Thursday, August 2d, Commencement Day

At 11 A. M., Special Service and Exercises in St. Augustine's Chapel. Latin Salutatory, D. H. Hamilton. University Oration, Mr. George Zabriskie, New York. Presentation of Certificates and Diplomas by the Vice Chancellor. Award of Medals and Prizes. Conferring of Degrees by the Vice Chancellor. Conferring of Honorary Degrees by the Chancellor. Valedictory Oration, J. A. Chapin. Concluding Service.

At 9 P. M., Commencement Hop.

Monday, August 6th

At 9 P. M., Commencement German led by E. D. Johnston.

Wednesday, August 8th

At 9 P. M., A German led by F. L. Coyle.

Thursday, August 30th

Commencement Exercises of the Sewanee Medical College in St. Augustine's Chapel, at 11.30 A. M. Address to Graduating Class by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, D. D., S. T. D. Charge to Class by Prof. J. B. Murfree, M. D. Degrees conferred. Valedictory Oration by D. A. Greer.



Medals

Kentucky Medal for Greek

Spruille Burford New York.

Van Hoose Medal for German

Henry Judah Mikell South Carolina.

Master's Medal for Latin

Robt. Woodward Barnwell Elliott Tenn.

Price Medal for English

John Ashley Chapin Kentucky.

Medical Honor Medal

Harry Oswell Carmichael Georgia.

Degrees

Civil Engineer

Wilbur G. Brown Tennessee.
Henry S. Dunbar Georgia.

Bachelor of Science

Ewing F. Howard Mississippi.
Frank C. Fishburne, Jr. South Carolina.
Wilbur G. Brown Tennessee.
Henry S. Dunbar Georgia.

Master of Arts

Edward D. Johnston Alabama.
Robert W. B. Elliott Tennessee.
Daniel H. Hamilton North Carolina.
John A. Chapin Kentucky.

Bachelor of Divinity

Rev. William T. Manning California.

Graduates in Divinity

Robert A. Lee South Carolina.
Rev. Albert Martin Louisiana.
John M. Northrup Kentucky.

Bachelor of Laws

Abner E. Green Mississippi.
George W. Hodgson Virginia.
Robert S. Huse New York.
John Y. Garlington South Carolina.
William H. Lipscomb South Carolina.

Doctor of Medicine

Dion A. Greer Tennessee.
Malcolm R. Clark Mississippi.
George R. Rau Mississippi.
Charles D. Fontaine Mississippi.
Benjamin E. Graham Alabama.
Wallace N. Shaw Texas.
James W. Ludden Pennsylvania.
Wallace Wilcox New York.
Clarence Snyder Pennsylvania.
James T. Arwine Indiana.
Henry O. Carmichael Georgia.
John Shartle Pennsylvania.
Frederick W. Kruse Nebraska.
Alexander M. Stevenson Pennsylvania.
Erness Mullen West Virginia.
Alfred R. Stubbs, *in absentia* New York.



Degrees Conferred Honoris Causa

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY . . . Rt. Rev. Joseph Blount Cheshire, *ad eundem*, South Carolina.
DOCTOR OF CIVIL LAW George Zabriskie, Esq., New York.



HIS PROPOSAL.

He "Thirteen of our last graduating class
are married already."

She "You don't say so - Who supports them?"



CLASS OF '95.



STOLEN FROM "LIFE."

Officers

W. C. ROBERTSON PRESIDENT.

C. B. K. WEED VICE PRESIDENT.

J. W. C. JOHNSON SECRETARY.

H. J. MIKELL TREASURER.

Members

- AMOS, CHARLES FAY *Medical* Fairmount, W. Va.
- BECKWITH, SAMUEL CARY *Classical* Petersburg, Va.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and Sigma Epsilon; Assistant Sewanee Grammar School; Choir; Associate
Editor *Times*, '93; Pan-Hellenic Delegate.
- BERGHAUS, PAUL *Classical* Wilmington, Del.
Kappa Alpha, and Pi Omega; Associate Editor *Purple*, '94; Pan-Hellenic Delegate.
- BLACKLOCK, ALEXANDER GALPIN . . . *Classical* Cleveland, Tenn.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Epsilon, and Chelidon; Assistant Sewanee Grammar School; Choir;
Best New Member's Medal, Sigma Epsilon, '92; Trent Debater, '95; Captain and Quarter-
back 'Varsity Foot Ball, '94, '95; Second Baseman 'Varsity Base Ball, '91-'95; Medal for Pole
Vaulting, Intercollegiate Games at Vanderbilt, '95; Prize as Best All-round Athlete, '95; Pan-
Hellenic Delegate.
- BRUNING, CHARLES *Medical* New Orleans, La.
- BURFORD, SPRUILLE *Classical* New York City, N. Y.
Delta Tau Delta, Sigma Epsilon, and Chelidon; 'Varsity Base Ball Team, '91; Editor-in-Chief *Sewanee Times*, '93; Best New Member Sigma Epsilon, '93; Editor *University of the South Magazine*, '93; Managing Editor *Sewanee Purple*, '94; Master's Medal for Greek, '94; President Sigma Epsilon, '94; Old Member's Medal Sigma Epsilon, '94; Sigma Epsilon Contestant for Orator's Medal, '94; Greek Play, '92-'94; Associate Manager Foot Ball Team, '94; Secretary Pan-Hellenic Convention, '92, '93; Member Executive Committee Athletic Association.
- CARTER, STEPHEN SIVERLO *Medical* Bradleyton, Ala.
Attended Mobile College of Medicine; Louisville College of Medicine.
- CORBETT, JOHN LAUDERDALE *Medical* Glasgow, Mo.
- CROWNOVER, ARTHUR *Law* Sewanee, Tenn.
Pi Omega; Member Greenleaf Club.
- DABNEY, WARD *Scientific* Bonham, Texas.
Delta Tau Delta; Secretary Texas Club.
- DANIEL, JOSEPH STEPHEN *Medical* Corsicana, Texas.

- DOWDALL, PAUL MASON DANIEL *Law* Morrisonville, Ill.
 Kappa Sigma, and Sigma Epsilon; Greenleaf Society; Trent Debater, '95; Center Rush 'Varsity
 Foot Ball Team, '93, Right Guard, '94; Pan-Hellenic Delegate.
- EMMER, WILLIAM JOHN *Medical* New Iberia, La.
 Master of Pharmacy (Tulane); Resident Student Tours Hospital; Externe Charity Hospital, New
 Orleans, La.
- FISHER, ALVAH ARLINGTON *Medical* Newcastle, Del.
- GALLEHER, WILLIAM MACK *Medical* Waynesboro, Tenn.
 Attended University of Tennessee, Nashville.
- GRESHAM, JAMES WILMER *Theological* New Orleans, La.
 Kappa Alpha, and Pi Omega; Successful Contestant in Intercollegiate Debate at Vanderbilt, '95;
 Trent Debate Medalist, '94; President Pi Omega, '94; Best Old Member's Medal Pi Omega;
 Vice President Homiletic Society; Pan-Hellenic Delegate; Orator, Class '95.
- HARPER, WASHINGTON ALLEN *Medical* Austin, Texas.
- HEPPLER, PHILIP EDWARD *Medical* Fairmount City, Penn.
- HOBBS, RICHARD, JR. *Law* Albany, Ga.
 Sigma Alpha Epsilon; President Greenleaf Society; Secretary Senior German Club; Member
 Executive Committee Athletic Association.
- JOHNSON, JAMES WILLIS CANTEY *Theological* Charleston, S. C.
 Alpha Tau Omega, Sigma Epsilon, and Chelidon; Vice President Sigma Epsilon, '94; President
 Sigma Epsilon; Trent Debater, '94; President Sewanee Missionary Society; Critic and Vice
 President Homiletic Society; Center Rush 'Varsity Foot Ball Team, '94; Pan-Hellenic Del-
 egate; President South Carolina Club.
- JONES, WILLIAM WEEMS *Classical* Shreveport, La.
 Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and Sigma Epsilon; Ruggles-Wright Medal for French, '93; Member of
 Senior German Club; Greek Play, '92-'94.
- JOYNER, NEVILL *Classical* Kelly, Miss.
 Pi Omega; Greek Play, '92-'94; Trent Debater, '93.

- KELTON, LESLIE EUGENE *Medical* Corsicana, Texas.
Alpha Tau Omega.
- KINNEY, TERRY *Medical* Ripley, Miss.
- KNIGHT, THOMAS HOWARD *Medical* Melbourne, Fla.
Alpha Tau Omega; attended Tulane Medical College.
- LYNCH, FRANCIS LAFAYETTE *Law* Decherd, Tenn.
Member Greenleaf Club.
- MIKELL, HARRY JUDAH *Classical* Sumter, S. C.
Kappa Alpha, and Pi Omega; Van Hoose Medal for German, '94; Member South Carolina Club;
Pan-Hellenic Delegate; Pi Omega Essayist, '95.
- MOORE, ALBERTUS ADAIR *Medical* Camden, S. C.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Vice President South Carolina Club.
- MURRAY, MARSHAL DANTZLER *Medical* Orangeburg, S. C.
Sigma Nu; A. B. and Licentiate to Instruct, South Carolina College.
- POST, CHARLES AUGUSTUS *Medical* Marionville, Mo.
- RAINE, JOSEPH S., JR. *Law* Atlanta, Ga.
Captain 'Varsity Base Ball Team, '95; Half-back 'Varsity Foot Ball Team, '93, Full-back, '94; One
Hundred Yards Dash Medal, '94.
- ROBERTSON, WILLIAM CLENDENNEN *Classical* Houston, Texas.
Alpha Tau Omega, Sigma Epsilon, and Chelidon; Assistant Proctor, '93-'95; Managing Editor
Purple, '95; President Pan Hellenic Convention, '94, '95; President Sigma Epsilon, '94;
Orator Sigma Epsilon, '95; Director St. Andrew's Brotherhood, '94; President Texas Club;
President Class '95.
- SCHOLES, SAMUEL DALRYMPLE *Law* Springfield, Ill.
Kappa Sigma; Greenleaf Society.
- SLACK, WILLIAM SAMUEL, B. A. *Classical* Rosedale, La.
Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Epsilon, and Chelidon, '92; Treasurer Sigma Epsilon, '89, '94; Vice Presi-
dent Sigma Epsilon, '94; New Member's Medal, Sigma Epsilon, '89; Assistant Sewanee
Grammar School, '93-'95; Pan-Hellenic Delegate, '89-'95; President Louisiana Club.

- SMITH, REV. RUSSELL KANE *Theological* Pittsburg, Penn.
 Pi Omega; Secretary Pi Omega, '94; Vice President Pi Omega, '95; Intersociety Orator, '95;
 Treasurer Sewanee Missionary Society, '94, '95; Anniversary Orator Pi Omega, '94; 'Varsity
 Nine, '92, '95.
- SPEARS, HENRY ESTEN *Classical* Paris, Ky.
 Pi Omega; Greek Play, '92-'94; Corresponding Secretary Pi Omega, '91.
- TAYLOR, JAMES FRANKLIN *Medical* Booneville, Miss.
- TEETERS, HARRY NEGLEY *Medical* Monongahela City, Penn.
 D. D. S. Delevan College, Wisconsin.
- WEED, CALEB BRINTNALL KNEVALS *Classical* East Orange, N. J.
 Phi Delta Theta, and Pi Omega; President Pi Omega, '95; Director St. Andrew's Brotherhood, '95;
 Business Manager *Cap and Gown*, '95; Greek Play, '92-'94; Pan-Hellenic Delegate, '92-'95;
 Vice President Class '95; New Member's Medal, Pi Omega, '91.
- WOODALL, PERCY HOGAN *Medical* Nashville, Tenn.
 Delta Tau Delta.
- YOUNG, MARION ALBERT *Medical* Abbeville, La.
 Graduate of Pharmacy (Tulane) Externe Charity Hospital, New Orleans, La.



KALMIA CASCADE

THE FRATERNITIES



Fraternity of Alpha Tau Omega

FOUNDED AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 1865



FLOWER — White Tea Rose. Colors — Sky Blue and Old Gold.



Chapter Roll

ALABAMA ALPHA EPSILON . . .	Ala. A. and M. College.	OHIO ALPHA NU	Mt. Union College.
ALABAMA BETA BETA	Southern University.	OHIO ALPHA PSI	Wittenberg College.
ALABAMA BETA DELTA	University of Alabama.	OHIO BETA ETA	Wesleyan University.
CALIFORNIA BETA PSI	Leland Stanford, Jr., Univ.	OHIO BETA MU	Wooster University.
GEORGIA ALPHA BETA	University of Georgia.	OHIO BETA RHO	Marietta College.
GEORGIA ALPHA THETA	Emory College.	OHIO BETA OMEGA	Ohio State University.
GEORGIA ALPHA ZETA	Mercer University.	PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA IOTA . .	Muhlenburg College.
GEORGIA BETA IOTA, Georgia School of Technology.		PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA RHO . .	Lehigh University.
INDIANA GAMMA GAMMA, Rose Polytechnic Institute.		PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA UPSILON . .	Penn. College.
LOUISIANA BETA EPSILON . . .	Tulane University.	PENNSYLVANIA TAU	University of Pennsylvania.
MASSACHUSETTS GAMMA BETA . . .	Tufts College.	RHODE ISLAND GAMMA DELTA . .	Brown University.
MAINE BETA UPSILON	Maine State College.	SOUTH CAROLINA ALPHA PHI . .	S. Carolina College.
MAINE GAMMA ALPHA	Colby University.	SOUTH CAROLINA BETA PHI . .	Wofford College.
MICHIGAN ALPHA MU	Adrian College.	SOUTH CAROLINA BETA CHI . .	Charleston College.
MICHIGAN BETA KAPPA	Hillsdale College.	TENN. ALPHA TAU, Southwestern Presbyterian Univ.	
MICHIGAN BETA LAMEDA	University of Michigan.	TENNESSEE BETA PI	Vanderbilt University.
MICHIGAN BETA OMICRON	Albion College.	TENNESSEE LAMEDA	Cumberland University.
N. CAROLINA ALPHA DELTA . . .	Univ. of N. Carolina.	TENNESSEE OMEGA	University of the South.
NORTH CAROLINA ALPHA CHI . . .	Trinity College.	VERMONT BETA ZETA	University of Vermont.
NEW JERSEY ALPHA KAPPA . . .	Stevens Institute.	VIRGINIA BETA	Washington and Lee University.
NEW YORK ALPHA OMICRON . . .	St. Lawrence Univ.	VIRGINIA DELTA	University of Virginia.
NEW YORK BETA THETA	Cornell University.		



Alumni Associations

Alabama Alumni Association, Birmingham; Allentown, Pennsylvania, Alumni Association; Chicago Alumni Association; District of Columbia Alumni Association, Washington; New York Alumni Association, New York City; Ohio Alumni Association, Tiffin; Pittsburg Alumni Association; Springfield, Ohio, Alumni Association; Pennsylvania Alumni Association, Philadelphia.



TENNESSEE OMEGA CHAPTER

GASTON	FARRAR	WOODWARD	PINCKNEY	MC MILLAN	WARREN	JOHNSON	YOUNG
ROBERTSON	DR. ROSS	PROF. NAUTS	BROOKS	BISHOP	QUINTARD	PROF. WIGGINS	COLMORE
	BARNWELL	HENDERSON	COLMORE	MEMMINGER	BROWN	MORRIS	DU BOSE



ALPHA TAU OMEGA CHAPTER HOUSE

Tennessee Omega Chapter of Alpha Tau Omega

ESTABLISHED, 1877



Fratres in Urbe

RT. REV. C. T. QUINTARD, D.D. LL. D.

RT. REV. THOS. F. GAILOR, M.A., S.T.D.

PRESTON SMITH BROOKS,

ROBERT L. COLMORE,

EDWARD A. QUINTARD.

In Facultate

B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M.A.

W. B. NAUTS, M.A.

JOHN ROSS, M.D.

In Officio

JAMES CRAIK MORRIS, M.A., LL. B.

WILLIAM CLENDENNEN ROBERTSON.

In Theologia

WILLIAM HASKELL DuBOSE, M.A.

JAMES WILLIS CANTEY JOHNSON,

HARRY EASTER.

JAMES DANIELL WARREN.

In Medicina

CONNES SHEPHERD,

LESLIE EUGENE KELTON,

THOMAS HOWARD KNIGHT.

In Academia

WILLIAM McCASLAN BARNWELL,

EDGAR HOWARD FARRAR,

CHARLES BLAYNEY COLMORE,

WILLIAM HENDERSON,

WILLIAM HENRY GASTON, JR.

PERCY BROWN,

ROBERT FRANKLIN McMILLAN,

WILLIS WILKINSON MEMMINGER,

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY,

ARTHUR RUTLEDGE YOUNG,

ALLEN HARVEY WOODWARD.

GRANT SHEPHERD.

COLORS—Purple and Gold.
FLOWER—Violet.

Fraternity of Sigma Alpha Epsilon

FOUNDED AT UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, 1856



Chapter Roll

Province Alpha

MASSACHUSETTS BETA UPSILON . Boston University.
MASSACHUSETTS IOTA TAU . Mass. Inst. of Technology.
MASSACHUSETTS GAMMA . . . Harvard University.
MASSACHUSETTS DELTA . Worcester Polytechnic Inst.
CONNECTICUT ALPHA Trinity College.

Province Beta

NEW YORK ALPHA Cornell University.
NEW YORK MU Columbia University.
NEW YORK SIGMA PHI St. Stephen's College.
PENNSYLVANIA OMEGA Allegheny College.
PENNSYLVANIA SIGMA PHI . . . Dickinson College.
PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA ZETA . . . Pa. State College.
PENNSYLVANIA DELTA Pennsylvania College.
PENNSYLVANIA ZETA Bucknell University.

Province Gamma

VIRGINIA OMICRON University of Virginia.
VIRGINIA SIGMA Washington and Lee University.
VIRGINIA PI Emory and Henry College.
NORTH CAROLINA XI University of North Carolina.
NORTH CAROLINA THETA Davidson College.
SOUTH CAROLINA PHI Furman University.
SOUTH CAROLINA GAMMA Wofford College.
GEORGIA BETA University of Georgia.
GEORGIA PSI Mercer University.
GEORGIA EPSILON Emory College.
GEORGIA PHI Georgia School of Technology.

Province Delta

MICHIGAN IOTA BETA University of Michigan.
MICHIGAN ALPHA Adrian College.
OHIO SIGMA Mt. Union College.
OHIO DELTA Ohio Wesleyan University.

Province Delta

OHIO EPSILON Cincinnati University.
OHIO THETA Ohio State University.
INDIANA ALPHA Franklin College.
INDIANA BETA Purdue University.
ILLINOIS PSI OMEGA Northwestern University.

Province Epsilon

KENTUCKY KAPPA Central University.
KENTUCKY IOTA Bethel College.
TENNESSEE ZETA Southwestern Pres. University.
TENNESSEE LAMBDA Cumberland University.
TENNESSEE NU Vanderbilt University.
TENNESSEE KAPPA University of Tennessee.
TENNESSEE OMEGA University of the South.
TENNESSEE ETA Southwestern Baptist University.
ALABAMA MU University of Alabama.
ALABAMA IOTA Southern University.
ALABAMA ALPHA MU Alabama A. & M. College.
MISSISSIPPI GAMMA University of Mississippi.

Province Zeta

IOWA SIGMA Simpson College.
MISSOURI ALPHA University of Missouri.
MISSOURI BETA Washington University.
NEBRASKA LAMBDA PI University of Nebraska.

Province Eta

ARKANSAS ALPHA UPSILON . . University of Arkansas.
TEXAS RHO University of Texas.
COLORADO CHI University of Colorado.
COLORADO ZETA Denver University.
CALIFORNIA ALPHA Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
CALIFORNIA BETA University of California.

Alumni Associations

N. Y. City Alumni Association; Chicago Alumni Association; Boston Alumni Association; Atlanta Alumni Association;
Cincinnati Alumni Association; Savannah Alumni Association; Pittsburgh Alumni Association; Augusta Alumni Association;
Alliance (Ohio) Alumni Association; Chattanooga Alumni Association; Kansas City Alumni Association; Jackson (Miss.) Alumni Association.



4036, PHOTO

TENNESSEE OMEGA CHAPTER

R. KIRBY-SMITH	WESTCOTT	S. KIRBY-SMITH	NOE	SELDEN	RUST	STACKER
BLACKLOCK	HOBBS	MOORE	HOGSETT	COBB	JONES	COURTENAY
CHAMBLISS	BECKWITH	PROF. GUERRY	DR. FEGGOT	DR. RAU	DR. WELLS	DR. HALL



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON CHAPTER HOUSE

Tennessee Omega Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon

ESTABLISHED, 1881



Fratres in Facultate

BENJAMIN W. WELLS, PH. D.

WM. B. HALL, M. A., M. D.

CAMERON PIGGOT, M. D.

GEORGE RENAU RAU, M. D.

WILLIAM A. GUERRY, M. A., B. D.

Adjutores

HARDEE CHAMBLISS,

SAMUEL CARY BECKWITH,

ALEXANDER GALPIN BLACKLOCK.

In Medicina

REYNOLD MARVIN KIRBY-SMITH.

ALBERTUS ADAIR MOORE.

In Lege

RICHARD HOBBS, JR.

JOHN PARKER MALLORY.

In Academia

SAMUEL CARY BECKWITH,

ALEXANDER GALPIN BLACKLOCK,

EDWARD ELLERBE COBBS,

ST. JOHN COURTENAY,

GEORGE ARNOLD HOGSETT,

WILLIAM HAMMOND HURTER,

WILLIAM WEEMS JONES.

WILLIAM SELDEN KIRBY-SMITH.

HENRY CHASTAIGNIER MAZYCK, JR.

THOMAS PASTEUR NOË,

RICHARD SANFORD RUST, JR.

JOHN ARMISTEAD SELDEN,

PATRICK LEWIS STACKER.

WILLIAM BEVERLY WESTCOTT.

Fraternity of Kappa Sigma

FOUNDED AT UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 1867



COLORS — Old Gold, Maroon and Blue. FLOWER — Lily of the Valley.



Chapter Roll

GAMMA	State University, Louisiana.	CHI	Purdue University, Indiana.
DELTA	Davidson College, North Carolina.	PSI	Maine State College.
EPSILON	Centenary College, Louisiana.	OMEGA	University of the South, Tennessee.
ZETA	University of Virginia.	CHI OMEGA	University of South Carolina.
ETA	Randolph-Macon College, Virginia.	ALPHA BETA	Mercer University, Georgia.
THETA	Cumberland University, Tennessee.	ALPHA GAMMA	University of Illinois.
IOTA	Southwestern University, Texas.	ALPHA DELTA	Pennsylvania State College.
KAPPA	Vanderbilt University, Tennessee.	ALPHA EPSILON	University of Pennsylvania.
LAMBDA	University of Tennessee.	ALPHA ZETA	University of Michigan.
MU	Washington and Lee University, Virginia.	ALPHA THETA	Southwestern Baptist Univ., Tenn.
NU	William and Mary College, Virginia.	ALPHA IOTA	U. S. Grant University, Tennessee.
XI	University of Arkansas.	ALPHA KAPPA	Cornell University, New York.
OMICRON	Emory and Henry College, Virginia.	ALPHA LAMBDA	University of Vermont.
PI	Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania.	ETA PRIME	Trinity College, North Carolina.
SIGMA	Tulane University, Louisiana.	ALPHA MU	University of North Carolina.
TAU	University of Texas.	ALPHA NU	Wofford College, South Carolina.
UPSILON	Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia.	ALPHA XI	Bethel College, Kentucky.
PHI	Southwestern Pres. University, Tennessee.		



Alumni Associations

Alpha Alumni, Yazoo City, Mississippi; Philadelphia Alumni Club; Pittsburg Alumni Club;
New York Alumni Club; New Orleans Alumni Club.



TENNESSEE OMEGA CHAPTER

TTTTT
GREEN

SCHOLES

DOWDALL
WILSON

STEVENSON

GREEN

DR. MILLER

PICKENS
DR. DUFFIE



KAPPA SIGMA CHAPTER HOUSE

Omega Chapter of Kappa Sigma

ESTABLISHED, 1882



Fratres in Facultate

HUGH R. MILLER, M.D.

SILAS J. DUFFIE, Ph.G.

In Theologia

HARRY ROBERTS CARSON.

In Medicina

CHARLES DELABOULA FONTAINE.

In Lege

PAUL MASON DANIEL DOWDALL.

SAMUEL DALRYMPLE SCHOLES, Jr.

In Academia

PINCKNEY ALSTON HAZLEHURST,*

SAMUEL JAMES ADAMS,

EUGENE VALJEAN STEVENSON,

DUNCAN CAMERON GREEN,

SAMUEL WILSON,

JASPER WOOLDRIDGE.

HENRY FOSTER DUNLAVEY.

ROY MORRISON,

WILLIAM MERCER GREEN,

WILLIAM CARIGAN PICKENS,

ALBERT DAVID McPHAIL,

JOSEPH HILL WALKER.

WILLIAM FOSTER PETTIT.

* Deceased.

COLORS—White and Blue.
FLOWER—White Carnation.

Fraternity of Phi Delta Theta

FOUNDED AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY, 1848



Chapter Roll

Alpha Province—MAINE ALPHA, Colby University; NEW HAMPSHIRE ALPHA, Dartmouth College; VERMONT ALPHA, University of Vermont; MASSACHUSETTS ALPHA, Williams College; MASSACHUSETTS BETA, Amherst College; RHODE ISLAND ALPHA, Brown University; NEW YORK ALPHA, Cornell University; NEW YORK BETA, Union University; NEW YORK DELTA, Columbia College; NEW YORK EPSILON, Syracuse University; PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA, Lafayette College; PENNSYLVANIA BETA, Gettysburg College; PENNSYLVANIA GAMMA, Washington and Jefferson College; PENNSYLVANIA DELTA, Allegheny College; PENNSYLVANIA EPSILON, Dickinson College; PENNSYLVANIA ZETA, University of Pennsylvania; PENNSYLVANIA ETA, The Lehigh University.

Beta Province—VIRGINIA ALPHA, Roanoke College; VIRGINIA BETA, University of Virginia; VIRGINIA GAMMA, Randolph-Macon College; VIRGINIA DELTA, Richmond College; VIRGINIA ZETA, Washington and Lee University; NORTH CAROLINA BETA, University of North Carolina; KENTUCKY ALPHA, Centre College; KENTUCKY DELTA, Central University.

Gamma Province—GEORGIA ALPHA, University of Georgia; GEORGIA BETA, Emory College; GEORGIA GAMMA, Mercer University; TENNESSEE ALPHA, Vanderbilt University; TENNESSEE BETA, University of the South; ALABAMA ALPHA, University of Alabama; ALABAMA BETA, Alabama Polytechnic Institute; ALABAMA GAMMA, Southern University.

Delta Province—MISSISSIPPI ALPHA, University of Mississippi; LOUISIANA ALPHA, Tulane University; TEXAS BETA, University of Texas; TEXAS GAMMA, Southwestern University.

Epsilon Province—OHIO ALPHA, Miami University; OHIO BETA, Ohio Wesleyan University; OHIO GAMMA, Ohio University; OHIO DELTA, University of Wooster; OHIO EPSILON, Buchtel College; OHIO ZETA, Ohio State University; INDIANA ALPHA, Indiana University; INDIANA BETA, Wabash College; INDIANA GAMMA, Butler University; INDIANA DELTA, Franklin College; INDIANA EPSILON, Hanover College; INDIANA ZETA, DePauw University; INDIANA THETA, Purdue University; MICHIGAN ALPHA, University of Michigan; MICHIGAN BETA, State College of Michigan; MICHIGAN GAMMA, Hillsdale College.

Zeta Province—ILLINOIS ALPHA, Northwestern University; ILLINOIS DELTA, Knox College; ILLINOIS EPSILON, Illinois Wesleyan University; ILLINOIS ZETA, Lombard University; ILLINOIS ETA, University of Illinois; WISCONSIN ALPHA, University of Wisconsin; MISSOURI ALPHA, University of Missouri; MISSOURI BETA, Westminster College; MISSOURI GAMMA, Washington University; IOWA ALPHA, Iowa Wesleyan University; IOWA BETA, State University of Iowa; MINNESOTA ALPHA, University of Minnesota; NEBRASKA ALPHA, University of Nebraska; KANSAS ALPHA, University of Kansas; CALIFORNIA ALPHA, University of California; CALIFORNIA BETA, Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

Alumni Chapters—Boston, Mass., Alpha; New York City Alpha; Pittsburgh, Pa., Alpha; Philadelphia, Pa., Beta; Baltimore, Md., Alpha; Washington, D. C., Alpha; Richmond, Va., Alpha; Columbus, Ga., Alpha; Atlanta, Ga., Beta; Nashville, Tenn., Alpha; Montgomery, Ala., Alpha; Selma, Ala., Beta; Cincinnati, O., Alpha; Akron, O., Beta; Cleveland, O., Gamma; Louisville, Ky., Alpha; Franklin, Ind., Alpha; Indianapolis, Ind., Beta; Chicago, Ill., Alpha; Galesburg, Ill., Beta; Kansas City, Mo., Alpha; Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn., Alpha; Denver, Col., Alpha; Salt Lake City, Utah, Alpha; San Francisco, Cal., Alpha; Los Angeles, Cal., Beta; Spokane, Wash., Alpha.



JUDS, PHOTO

TENNESSEE BETA CHAPTER

BENJAMIN
DONALSON
DOUGLAS

HODGSON
WEED

TORIAN
SLACK
HEBARD

HARDING
BENJAMIN
BUNTIN

REEVE
TERRELL



PHI DELTA THETA CHAPTER HOUSE

Tennessee Beta Chapter of Phi Delta Theta

ESTABLISHED, 1883



In Urbe

REV. ANGELO AMES BENTON, D. D.

Fratres in Facultate

REV. GREENOUGH WHITE, M. A.

GEORGE S. CLARK, C. E.

In Officio

ROBERT MARION DuBOSE.

In Theologia

WILLIAM SAMUEL SLACK, B. A.

In Lege

WALTER PERCY DONALSON.

In Medicina

VERNON LaGRANGE TERRELL.

In Academia

HARBERT WILSON BENJAMIN,

WILLIAM BREITHAUPT BENJAMIN,

WILLIAM ALLISON BUNTIN,

KENNETT MALCOMB DOUGLAS,

ROBERT MARION DuBOSE, JR.

FREDERIC HARRIMAN HARDING,

FREDERIC GRAY HEBBARD.

TELFAR HODGSON.

MALCOMB NIGHTINGALE McCULLOUGH,

OSCAR WILDER,

CALEB BRINTNALL KNEVALS WEED,

OSCAR NOEL TORIAN,

CHARLES JOHN SLACK.

MALCOMB ARNOLD REEVE.

HARRISON MOORES WHITAKER, JR.

Fraternity of Delta Tau Delta

FOUNDED AT BETHANY COLLEGE, 1860



COLORS—Purple, White and Old Gold. FLOWER—Pansy.



Chapter Roll

ALPHA	Allegheny College.	BETA GAMMA	University of Wisconsin.
BETA	Ohio University.	BETA DELTA	University of Georgia.
GAMMA	Washington and Jefferson College.	BETA EPSILON	Emory College.
DELTA	University of Michigan.	BETA ZETA	Butler College.
EPSILON	Albion College.	BETA ETA	University of Minnesota.
ETA	Buchtel College.	BETA THETA	University of the South.
IOTA	Michigan Agricultural College.	BETA IOTA	University of Virginia.
KAPPA	Hillsdale College.	BETA KAPPA	University of Colorado.
LAMBDA	Vanderbilt University.	BETA LAMBDA	Lehigh University.
MU	Ohio Wesleyan University.	BETA MU	Tufts College.
OMICRON	University of Iowa.	BETA NU	Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
PI	University of Mississippi.	BETA XI	Tulane University.
RHO	Stevens Institute of Technology.	BETA OMICRON	Cornell University.
SIGMA	Williams College.	BETA PI	Northwestern University.
TAU	Franklin and Marshall College.	BETA RHO	Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
UPSILON	Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.	BETA TAU	University of Nebraska.
CHI	Kenyon College.	BETA UPSILON	University of Illinois.
BETA ALPHA	Indiana University.	BETA PHI	Ohio State University.
BETA BETA	DePauw University.	BETA PSI	Wabash College.



Alumni Chapters

New York Alumni Association; Chicago Alumni Association; Nashville Alumni Association; Twin City Alumni Association; Pittsburg Alumni Association; Nebraska Alumni Association; Cleveland Alumni Association; Detroit Alumni Association; Grand Rapids Alumni Association; New Orleans Alumni Association.



BRANDON KENYILLE

JUGO, PHOTO

BETA THETA CHAPTER

HOGUE

DAVIS
AMBLER

G. TUCKER
WOOD

MACLEAN

SELDEN
FARTRIDGE

WOODALL

DARNEY

MANGUM

WEBSTER
F. TUCKER



DELTA TAU DELTA CHAPTER HOUSE

Beta Theta Chapter of Delta Tau Delta

ESTABLISHED, 1883



Fratres in Facultate

REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, B.D.

REV. JOHN FEARNLEY, M.A.

Adjutor

WILBUR GAYLE BROWN, B.S., C.E.

In Theologia

STUART STROTHER MACLEAN.

CLARENCE SYLVESTER WOOD.

In Medicina

PERCY HOGAN WOODALL.

In Academia

FRANCIS WILLIS AMBLER,
WILBUR GAYLE BROWN,
HORACE RAINSFORD DREW,
WARD DABNEY,
SAMUEL DUNCAN MANGUM,
JOSÉ MARTIN SELDEN,
PRENTISS TUCKER.

ROBERT STRIBLING BARRETT, JR.
ALBERT HUELING DAVIS,
RICHARD WALLACE HOGUE,
SPRUILLE BURFORD,
WILLIAM WORTHINGTON WEBSTER,
CHARLES STEVENS PARTRIDGE,
GARDINER LEIGH TUCKER.

Fraternity of Kappa Alpha

FOUNDED AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, 1865



COLORS — Crimson and Gold. FLOWER — Magnolia and Rose.



Chapter Roll

ALPHA	Washington and Lee University, Virginia.	PHI	Southern University, Alabama.
GAMMA	University of Georgia.	CHI	Vanderbilt University, Tennessee.
DELTA	Wofford College, South Carolina.	PSI	Tulane University, Louisiana.
EPSILON	Emory College, Georgia.	OMEGA	Centre College, Kentucky.
ZETA	Randolph-Macon College, Virginia.	ALPHA ALPHA	University of the South, Tennessee.
ETA	Richmond College, Virginia.	ALPHA BETA	University of Alabama.
THETA	Kentucky State A. and M. College.	ALPHA GAMMA	Louisiana State University.
IOTA	Furman University, South Carolina.	ALPHA DELTA	William Jewel College, Missouri.
KAPPA	Mercer University, Georgia.	ALPHA EPSILON	Southwestern Pres. Univ., Tenn.
LAMBDA	University of Virginia.	ALPHA ZETA	William and Mary College, Virginia.
MU	Emory and Henry College, Virginia.	ALPHA ETA	Westminster College, Missouri.
NU	Alabama A. and M. College.	ALPHA THETA	(Sub rosa.)
XI	Southwestern University, Texas.	ALPHA IOTA	Centenary College, Louisiana.
OMICRON	University of Texas.	ALPHA KAPPA	Missouri State University.
PI	University of Tennessee.	ALPHA LAMBDA	Johns Hopkins University.
RHO	(Sub rosa.)	ALPHA MU	Millsaps College, Mississippi.
SIGMA	Davidson College, North Carolina.	ALPHA NU	Columbian University, D. C.
UPSILON	University of North Carolina.		



Alumni Chapters

Norfolk Alumni Chapter; Richmond Alumni Chapter; New York Alumni Chapter;
Raleigh Alumni Chapter; Washington Alumni Chapter; Macon Alumni Chapter.



1906. PHOTO

ALPHA ALPHA CHAPTER

SHIELDS

GLASS

BENEDICT

CONSTANT

CRAIGHILL

MIKELL

RESLEY
GRESHAM

GALT
ADOCE

WRAGG
BERGHAUS

MOREHOUSE

ESTILL



KAPPA ALPHA CHAPTER HOUSE

Alpha Alpha Chapter of Kappa Alpha

ESTABLISHED, 1883



Fratres in Officio

GEORGE HENRY GLASS.

In Theologia

JAMES WILMER GRESHAM.

In Lege

FRANCIS TEBBETTS CONSTANT. GEORGE WILMER HODGSON, LL.B.

In Academia

JULIEN BAPTISTE ADOUE,

ROBERT BENEDICT,

PAUL BERGHAUS,

FRANCIS HOPKINSON CRAIGHILL,

REVERDY VAN WARREN ESTILL,

HAMILTON POLK GALT.

GEORGE HENRY GLASS,

HENRY JUDAH MIKELL,

HOWARD LORD MOREHOUSE,

HOWARD SANK RISLEY,

BAYARD BENOIST SHIELDS.

SAMUEL ALSTON WRAGG.

Fraternity Men

Who Have No Chapter at the University

REV. W. P. DuBOSE, S.T.D.	$\Delta K E$
PROF. W. P. TRENT, M.A.	$\Phi K \Psi$
PROF. BURR J. RAMAGE, Ph.D.	$\Lambda \Phi$
MR. REGINALD M. HUSE, M.A.	$\Delta \Phi$
MR. S. D. WILCOX	$K A$
GEORGE CORTNER AYDELOTTE	ΣN
MERCER GREEN JOHNSTON	$\Phi \Theta \Psi$
WILLIAM WHITAKER	ΣN
MARSHALL D. MURRAY	ΣN



Summary of Fraternities

ALPHA TAU OMEGA	29
SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON	26
KAPPA SIGMA	19
PHI DELTA THETA	22
DELTA TAU DELTA	20
KAPPA ALPHA, (S. O.)	16
DELTA KAPPA EPSILON	1
PHI KAPPA PSI	1
CHI PHI	1
DELTA PHI	1
KAPPA ALPHA	1
SIGMA NU	3
PHI THETA PSI	1
TOTAL	141

Pan-Hellenic Convention



Officers

WILLIAM C. ROBERTSON . . . *President.*
WILLIAM S. SLACK . . . *Secretary.*



Delegates

A T Ω

J. W. C. JOHNSON,
R. F. McMILLAN,
C. C. PINCKNEY.

K Σ

W. M. GREEN,
W. C. PICKENS,
P. M. D. DOWDALL.

J T J

C. S. WOOD,
G. L. TUCKER,
P. TUCKER.

Σ A E

S. C. BECKWITH,
A. G. BLACKLOCK,
R. S. RUST.

Φ Δ Θ

F. G. HEBBARD,
W. S. SLACK,
C. B. K. WEED.

K Α

P. BERGHAUS,
F. T. CONSTANT,
H. J. MIKELL.



LITERARY SOCIETIES

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ΠΩ

”

ΣΕ





Officers

Lent Term, 1895—First Half

J. W. C. JOHNSON, *President*.
 C. S. WOOD, *Vice President*.
 W. C. ROBERTSON, *Critic*.
 PRENTISS TUCKER, *Secretary*.
 R. W. HOGUE, *Treasurer*.

Trinity Term, 1894—Second Half

C. S. WOOD, *President*.
 W. S. SLACK, *Vice President*.
 S. BURFORD, *Critic*.
 W. W. MEMMINGER, *Secretary*.
 R. W. HOGUE, *Treasurer*.

F. T. CONSTANT, *Anniversary Orator*.
 A. G. BLACKLOCK, *Anniversary Essayist*.

Trinity Term, 1894—First Half

S. BURFORD, *President*.
 J. W. C. JOHNSON, *Vice President*.
 C. S. WOOD, *Critic*.
 W. W. MEMMINGER, *Secretary*.
 R. W. HOGUE, *Treasurer*.

Historical Sketch of Sigma Epsilon

SIGMA EPSILON is the oldest student organization in the University. Although proud of her "youth of labor," the present members do not regard a quarter of a century of existence as license for an "age of ease." They are incited by a noble ancestry to the best efforts of heart and head to preserve the Society's fair and well honored name.

The early history of this Society is most interesting. We find literary publications undertaken by it singly, and later conjointly with Pi Omega. One paper flourished under the title of *Sigma Epsilon*. The Society lays no claim to the editorship of *The Flea*, although did the promise "to fetch on presentation of bill" still hold good, it should be glad to adopt it.

In 1872, a literary society extension scheme was started, perhaps a forerunner of university extension. It was nothing less than a Junior branch of Sigma Epsilon, organized for the unlearned in the Grammar School. This was conducted for four years; the presiding officers were appointed from the ranks of the parent organization. In those days a member was dropped from the roll for absence from *one* meeting, and Pi Omega could not gain entrance to Sigma Epsilon Hall without a special petition. By motion, it was "the President's prerogative to invite whom he pleased." In this same year began the contests between these two societies for the DeBow Cup for oratory, and the Brown Essay Cup. The records of the contests are complete for twenty-two years, and an idea of the constant rivalry may be had from the following result: Sigma Epsilon has won the Oratory Cup nine times, and the Essay Cup thirteen times. The successes of Pi Omega have been oratory, thirteen; essay, nine. At six of these contests both cups went to Sigma Epsilon; this was also the case with Pi Omega. Such a division of honors concentrates the rivalry of these twenty-two years in the year 1895. What shall be the result?

Other honors won by Sigma Epsilon are: Eleven winners out of eighteen in the Lyman (now Knight) Medal Contest for Declamation, three out of five medals in the Trent Debate, and three out of five representatives of Sewanee in the contests of the Southern Intercollegiate Oratorical Association.

So much for a few facts, and a glimpse at the life of Sigma Epsilon.

This sketch could not be more fittingly closed than by calling the roll of celebrities, who have made the society what it is: Cook, Pope, Prosser, Dunlavey, Fairbanks, Gray, Royster, Myles, Higgins, Scruggs, DeRosset, Rutledge, Sessums, Gass, Nauts, Garwood, Blanc, Quintard. To these must be added the Harrises, orators; McKellar, orator and most faithful member; Crockett, four times contestant for Essay Cup, twice winner; and Murphy, Craig, Gadsden, Stuck and Shoup. The deeds of the last five are too fresh to need recounting.

Presidents, Orators, Debaters and Essayists of Sigma Epsilon Literary Society



Presidents

'72, F. W. Royster.	'80, G. A. Reid.	'87, W. H. McKellar.
'73, B. B. Myles (2*).	H. W. Blanc.	J. W. Spratt.
C. M. Gray (2).	W. A. Percy.	E. G. Murphy.
'74, B. B. Myles (3).	'81, H. M. Garwood (2).	'88, E. G. Murphy,
T. M. Scruggs.	W. A. Polk.	R. E. L. Craig (2).
'75, T. M. Scruggs.	W. R. Bremond.	W. H. McKellar.
H. D. Higgins (3).	'82, W. R. Bremond.	'89, W. H. McKellar (2).
'76, A. M. Rutledge (2).	J. W. Percy (2).	P. T. Gadsden (2).
H. D. Higgins.	J. A. Harris (2).	'90, J. C. Morris (3).
T. Worthington (2).	'83, H. M. Garwood.	P. T. Gadsden.
'77, D. Sessums (2).	R. E. Grubb.	'91, H. Stuck (2).
F. A. DeRosset (2).	W. R. Bremond (2).	F. E. Shoup.
J. B. Mayfield.	'84, E. S. Elliott (2).	'92, F. E. Shoup.
'78, E. E. G. Roberts.	H. O. Riddell.	H. Stuck.
S. A. Crump (2).	W. B. Thompson.	'93, W. Holmes.
J. Gass (2).	'85, W. H. McKellar (2).	W. C. Robertson (2).
'79, L. Percy.	N. B. Harris.	'94, R. A. Lee.
A. C. Murdock.	J. A. McConnell.	S. Burford (2).
J. Gass.	'86, C. L. Steele (2).	C. S. Wood.
L. W. Smith.	G. L. Crockett (2).	'95, J. W. C. Johnson.
G. A. Reid.	'87, C. T. Wright.	

Anniversary Orators

'73, C. M. Gray.	'81, J. A. Harris.	'89, J. B. Elliott.
'74, W. M. Harlow.	'82, R. E. Grubb.	'90, C. P. Cocke.
'75, C. E. Gass.	'83, W. R. Bremond.	'91, A. Y. Scott.
'76, W. C. Harrison.	'84, R. T. Brownrigg.	'92, L. Guerry.
'77, J. B. Mayfield.	'85, W. B. Thompson.	'93, J. W. C. Johnson.
'78, J. H. F. LaRoche.	'86, C. T. Wright.	'94, W. C. Robertson.
'79, F. A. DeRosset.	'87, G. L. Crockett.	'95, F. T. Constant.
'80, L. W. Smith.	'88, P. T. Gadsden.	

Southern Inter-Collegiate Orators

'91, P. T. Gadsden.	'92, Hudson Stuck.	'93, H. C. Sempie.
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Tennessee Inter-Collegiate Orators

'83, H. M. Garwood.	'86, W. B. Thompson.†	'89, R. E. L. Craig.
'84, J. A. Harris.	'87, W. H. McKellar.	'90, P. T. Gadsden.
'85, N. B. Harris.	'88, E. G. Murphy.	

* Number of terms served during the year.

† Winners, contest for Trent Medal.

‡ Successful.

Inter-Society Orators

'73, B. B. Myles. W. Gregg.	'81, N. B. Harris.* H. M. Garwood.	'88, R. E. L. Craig.
'74, J. R. Gray.* T. M. Scruggs.	'82, J. A. Harris. W. R. Bremond.	'89, R. E. L. Craig. P. T. Gadsden.
'75, W. Gregg.	'83, J. A. Harris.* N. B. Harris.	'90, P. T. Gadsden. J. C. Morris.
'76, H. D. Higgins.* J. J. Stout.	'84, J. A. Harris. N. B. Harris.	'91, P. T. Gadsden.* E. McCrady.
'77, D. Sessums.* T. Worthington.	'85, W. H. McKellar. E. W. Western.	'92, H. Stuck.* E. McCrady.
'78, John Gass. F. A. DeRosset.	'86, W. H. McKellar.* W. B. Thompson.	'93, A. G. Blacklock. W. S. Holmes.
'79, F. A. DeRosset. G. P. Smith.	'87, W. H. McKellar.* E. D. Smith.	'94, S. Burford. A. G. Blacklock.
'80, G. A. Reid. N. B. Harris.	'88, E. G. Murphy.	

Inter-Society Debaters

'90, Hudson Stuck.† P. T. Gadsden.	'92, L. Guerry. F. E. Shoup.†	'94, W. C. Robertson. J. W. C. Johnson.
'91, P. T. Gadsden.† Walter Barnwell.	'93, E. D. Johnston. A. G. Blacklock.	

Inter-Society Essayists

'73, —————	'82, W. A. Percy.	'88, E. G. Murphy.
'74, B. B. Myles.	'83, H. M. Garwood.† R. Hale.	'89, E. McCrady. J. C. Morris.
'75, V. W. Shields.†	'84, R. Hale. G. L. Crockett.	'90, H. Stuck. W. H. McKellar.
'76, W. Hamilton.	'85, G. L. Crockett.† J. P. Finley.	'91, H. Stuck.† F. E. Shoup.
'77, W. H. Harlow.†	'86, G. L. Crockett.† J. P. Finley.	'92, F. E. Shoup.†
'78, D. Sessums.†	'87, G. L. Crockett.† F. M. Noll.	'93, W. S. Holmes.† J. W. C. Johnson.
'79, J. Gass.†		'94, R. A. Lee.
'80, H. W. Blanc.†		
'81, W. A. Percy. G. A. Reid.		
'82, A. R. Taylor.†		

* Sigma Epsilon won contest for the DeBow Cup.

† Sigma Epsilon won contest for Brown Cup.



Officers—Lent Term, 1895

C. B. K. WEED	<i>President.</i>
R. K. SMITH	<i>Vice President.</i>
G. L. TUCKER	<i>Critic.</i>
ROBERT BENEDICT	<i>Secretary.</i>
W. M. GREEN	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Officers—Trinity Term, 1894

J. W. GRESHAM	<i>President.</i>
W. M. GREEN	<i>Vice President.</i>
T. T. WALSH	<i>Critic.</i>
R. K. SMITH	<i>Secretary.</i>
W. C. PICKENS	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Historical Sketch of Pi Omega

IT was on the night of July 22, 1871, that T. J. Bringham of Texas, D. R. Barnett of Mississippi, John Davis of Florida, H. G. Lee of Georgia, and T. J. Morris of Texas, met in Professor Cooper's Section Room for the purpose of organizing "The Sewanee Literary Club." The object of the club was "the promotion of literary study and general improvement in style, manner and delivery."

The motto chosen was "*Discere est illustre.*" At the beginning of the next term, the name of the club was changed to "Omega Society," in honor of Bishop Otey. The motto was taken from Horace's Odes, Book IV, 2, 27—" *Apis Matinae more modoque.*" In English it read, "After the manner and custom of the Matinean bee."

The first public appearance of Omega Society was at a contest with the Pi Lambda Society, and then was begun that series of victories which has seldom been interrupted in the career of Pi Omega Society. On November 4, 1872, a meeting was held in the Library Hall for the purpose of consolidating the Pi Lambda and Omega Societies into a society to be known as the Pi Omega Literary Society. Thus the names of Polk and Otey were united in an association which has ever been an honor to the institution of which they were the originators.

From that time until now a strong but friendly rivalry has existed between this Society and Sigma Epsilon. In contests for the cups, the honors have been equally divided, Pi Omega excelling in oratory and Sigma Epsilon in essay writing. But when we consider the intercollegiate and interstate oratorical contests, we find, with one exception, that whenever Sewanee has been the winner, her representative has been from Pi Omega.

Despite the sharp competition, very cordial relations exist between the two Societies, and whenever the literary ability of Sewanee is challenged, they unite upon the most powerful champions, regardless of society prejudices. This is evinced by the fact that the two contestants in the recent debate with Vanderbilt were Pi Omega men, elected by both Societies in a joint meeting.

It is to be regretted that so little is known about the Pi Lambda Society. The records can not be found, but the history of its worthy successor furnishes a record of faithful work and many well earned triumphs. Best of all, it shows that Pi Omega has maintained a standard of excellence which makes her a most valuable assistant in the training of Sewanee students for their life work.

Presidents, Orators, Debaters and Essayists of Pi Omega Literary Society



Presidents

'72, T. J. Morris.	'81, C. B. Hudgins.	'87, H. W. Jones.
'73, J. A. VanHoose.	C. B. Hudgins.	L. Mattair.
Thos. Bringham.	T. C. Barrett.	'88, Robert Gibson.
'74, Jno. Davis.	'82, W. A. Guerry.	Robert Gibson.
Jno. Kershaw.	W. A. Guerry.	R. M. W. Black.
'75, I. D. Seabrook.	A. R. Mitchell.	'89, R. M. W. Black.
J. A. VanHoose.	'83, A. R. Mitchell.	F. L. Coyle.
'76, Jno. Davis.	E. A. Cornish.	'90, R. M. W. Black.
W. B. McCaw.	E. A. Cornish.	H. W. Jones.
'77, S. R. Jones.	'84, J. G. Glass.	'91, R. M. W. Black.
S. R. Jones.	J. G. Glass.	R. M. W. Black.
'78, Stewart McQueen.	T. D. Bratton.	F. L. Coyle.
C. McD. Puckette.	'85, B. Micou.	'92, J. H. Spearing.
'79, H. A. Jones.	A. H. Dashiell.	J. H. Spearing.
B. L. Wiggins.	'86, W. P. Finley.	'93, J. H. Spearing.
A. W. Knight.	E. C. Tucker.	R. C. Jeter.
'80, R. W. Barnwell.	S. B. McGlohon.	'94, M. G. Johnston.
Stewart McQueen.	'87, W. P. Finley.	J. W. Gresham.
W. H. Moreland.	Quincy Ewing.	'95, C. B. K. Weed.

Southern Inter-Collegiate Orators

'94, M. G. Johnston.*	'95, S. S. Maclean.
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Tennessee Inter-Collegiate Orators

'83, W. A. Guerry.	'86, W. A. Guerry.*	'89, W. N. Guthrie.
'84, A. H. Marks.*	'87, W. P. Finley.	'90, R. M. W. Black.*
'85, J. G. Glass.	'88, Quincy Ewing.*	

Inter-Society Orators

'73, R. M. Payne.†	'77, Stewart McQueen.	'82, A. H. Marks.†
J. A. VanHoose.	'78, T. K. Jones.†	W. A. Guerry.
'74, T. Bringham.	Silas McBee.	'83, W. A. Guerry.
J. A. VanHoose.	'79, Stewart McQueen.†	T. C. Barrett.
'75, J. D. Seabrook.†	B. L. Wiggins.	'84, A. H. Marks.†
J. A. VanHoose.	'80, Stewart McQueen.†	J. G. Glass.
'76, W. B. McCaw.	W. H. Moreland.	'85, A. H. Dashiell.†
A. S. Smith.	'81, T. F. Davis.	B. Micou.
'77, T. K. Jones.	W. H. Moreland.	'86, A. H. Dashiell.

* Winners. † Pi Omega won contest for DeBow Cup.

'86, J. G. Glass.
'87, W. P. Finley.
W. N. Guthrie.
'88, Quincy Ewing.†
W. N. Guthrie.

'89, R. M. W. Black.†
W. T. Manning.
'90, R. M. W. Black.†
F. L. Coyle.
'91, _____

'92, J. A. Chapin.

'93, R. C. Jeter.†
J. W. Gresham.
'94, M. G. Johnston.†
S. S. Maclean.

Anniversary Orators

'73, Thomas Bringhurst.
'74, I. D. Seabrook.
'75, Silas McBee.
'76, J. G. Drew.
'77, H. A. Jones.
'78, W. D. Steele.
'79, R. W. Barnwell.

'80, F. G. Ravenal.
'81, _____
'82, A. H. Marks.
'83, J. G. Glass.
'84, A. E. Cornish.
'85, W. P. Finley.
'86, A. H. Dashiell.

'87, Robert Gibson.
'88, R. M. W. Black.
'89, F. L. Coyle.
'90, O. T. Porcher.
'91, K. S. Guthrie.
'92, C. M. Tobin.
'93, R. C. Jeter.
'94, R. K. Smith.

Inter-Society Essayists

'73, John Davis.*
John Kershaw.
'74, John Davis.*
John Kershaw.
'75, John Davis.
John Kershaw.
'76, John Davis.*
'77, H. B. Fitts.
C. McD. Puckette.
'78, R. W. Barnwell.
Stewart McQueen.
'79, C. McD. Puckette.
W. D. Steele.

'80, W. D. Bratton.
T. F. Davis.
'81, R. W. Barnwell.*
S. W. King.
'82, R. W. Barnwell.
C. D. Hudgins.
'83, A. R. Mitchell.
A. E. Cornish.
'84, W. A. Guerry.*
'85, J. G. Glass.
T. D. Bratton.
'86, W. A. Guerry.
E. C. Tucker.

'87, W. A. Guerry.
W. P. Finley.
'88, W. A. Guerry.*
J. H. Armstrong.
'89, W. N. Guthrie.*
A. W. Butt.
'90, O. T. Porcher.*
Louis Tucker.
'92, J. H. Spearing.
W. L. H. Benton.
'93, J. W. Gresham.
H. R. Carson.
'94, J. A. Chapin.*

Vanderbilt-Sewanee Debaters ||

'95, J. Wilmer Gresham, La.

'95, Mercer G. Johnston, Tex.

Inter-Society Debaters

'90, Louis Tucker.
O. T. Porcher.
'91, R. M. W. Black.

'91, F. L. Coyle.
'92, J. W. Gresham.
Ellwood Wilson.

'93, Nevill Joyner.
M. G. Johnston.†
'94, G. L. Tucker.
J. W. Gresham.‡

* Pi Omega won contest for Brown Cup.

† Pi Omega won contest for DeBow Cup.

‡ Winners, contest for Trent Medal.

| Sewanee won.



CLARENCE SYLVESTER WOOD, *Secretary.*



JAMES CRAIK MORRIS,

WILLIAM CLENDENNEN ROBERTSON,

MERCER GREEN JOHNSTON,

GARDINER LEIGH TUCKER,

RICHARD WALLACE HOGUE,

PRENTISS TUCKER,

ROBERT FRANKLIN McMILLAN,

FRANCIS WILLIS AMBLER,

FRANCIS HOPKINSON CRAIGHILL,

THOMAS PASTEUR NOË,

WILLIS WILKINSON MEMMINGER,

FREDERIC GRAY HEBBARD.

FRANCIS TEBBETS CONSTANT.



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JAMES D. WARREN	Secretary.
J. W. CANTEY JOHNSON	Critic.

The Greenleaf Club



RICHARD HOBBS, JR. *President.*

EDWARD WICKS, *Vice President.*

FRANK T. CONSTANT, *Secretary and Treasurer.*



The J. S. Cain Medical Society



Died from the effects of an overdose of dishevelled comets, August, 1894.



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B. W. WELLS, PH. D., *Secretary and Treasurer.*

R. L. COLMORE, *Caterer.*

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Bishop Green.
Bishop Gregg.
Prof. Robert Dabney.
Rev. Prof. Shoup.
Prof. John B. Elliott.
Prof. Caskie Harrison.
Col. T. F. Sevier.
G. R. Fairbanks.
I. R. Phelan.
Rev. W. P. DuBose, E. 1871.
H. M. Anderson, E. 1871.
F. Schaller, E. 1872.
C. L. C. Minor, E. 1872.
Thomas Williamson, E. 1872.
A. M. Rutledge, E. 1872.
C. M. Beckwith, E. 1872.
E. Kirby-Smith, E. 1875.
S. G. Jones, E. 1870.
Rev. Dr. Wilmer, E. 1876.
J. McCrady, E. 1878.
Rev. W. D. Powers, E. 1878.
Rev. A. Jaeger, E. 1878.
Dr. C. B. Wilmer, E. 1878.
F. W. Johns, E. 1878.
Rev. McN. DuBose, E. 1880.
Rev. F. A. DeRosset, E. 1880.
Lieutenant R. M. Rogers.
S. McBee.
Prof. H. Tallichet.
Bishop Galleher.

Prof. J. W. Weber.
Prof. F. M. Page.
C. McD. Puckette.
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Prof. Greenough White.
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T. M. DuBose.
Quincy Ewing.
Rev. R. E. Grubb.
Rev. A. A. Benton, R. 1892.
W. H. Blanc, E. 1891.
P. S. Brooks, R. 1892.
R. L. Colmore.
Iliff Conger, E. 1891.
R. M. DuBose.
Rev. J. Fearnley, E. 1890.
John Gadsden, F. 1889.
Bishop Gailor, R. 1894.
W. H. Graham, E. 1892.
Rev. Telfair Hodgson, E. 1878, D. 1893.
S. C. Hughson, E. 1891.
S. C. Judd, E. 1891.
Rev. W. T. Manning, E. 1890.
W. H. McKellar.
T. L. Krebs, E. 1891.
H. R. Miller, R. 1892.

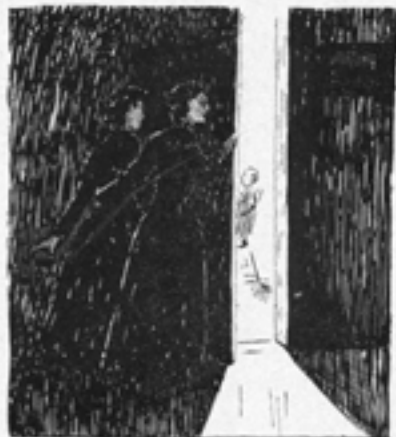
W. B. Nauts.
J. N. Nicholls, E. 1892.
Prof. C. Piggot.
G. W. Quintard, E. 1891.
E. H. Rowell, E. 1890, D. 1894.
Lieut. W. P. Stone, E. 1889.
Prof. W. P. Trent.
Prof. B. W. Wells, E. 1891.
Prof. B. L. Wiggins.
S. D. Wilcox, E. 1890.
E. Wilson, Jr., E. 1890.
Rev. W. N. Guthrie, E. 1890, R. 1892.
Rev. M. M. Benton, E. 1890, R. 1892.
H. W. Jones, E. 1890, R. 1891.
Rev. J. H. Spearing, E. 1892.
J. J. Abernathy.
Rev. W. A. Guerry, E. 1893.
R. M. Huse, E. 1893.
G. S. Clark, E. 1893.
B. J. Ramage, E. 1893.
Rev. E. S. Taylor, E. 1893.
Dr. W. B. Young, E. 1893.
Dr. M. E. Taylor, E. 1894.
D. H. Hamilton, Jr., E. 1894.
J. C. Morris, E. 1894.
M. Lewin, E. 1894.
Rev. R. W. Memminger, E. 1894.
Dr. John Ross.
J. A. Chapin, E. 1894.
Hardee Chambliss, E. 1894.
Rev. R. H. Starr.

In the foregoing, E means elected; R resigned; D died.

The E. Q. B. Club

THIS complacent quintessence of Sewanee wit and culture was ushered into its bright existence in the summer of 1870, at the residence of Major G. R. Fairbanks. From that day to this the calm spirit of genial wisdom and the Ariel sprite of wit have never deserted its gatherings, but perhaps neither have ever cast so favorable a smile on it as at its christening. For, when the "Professors, officers and gentlemen" connected with the University had determined that they would exclude from their meetings the discussion of their one common interest, the affairs of the University, they were at a loss to find a name that should contain, at once, a testimonial of their wisdom and their wit, till Ariel whispered in the ear of each, and with eyes radiant with fraternal emotion, they all exclaimed: "*Ecce Quam Bonum*"—Behold, How Good. The gentlemen who thus bore witness to their mutual affection and esteem, were General Gorgas, Professors Shoup, Elliott, Harrison, Bishops Green, Gregg and Quintard, Judge Phelan, Colonel Sevier, and Major Fairbanks.

For the first nineteen years of its existence the Club met at the residence of one or another of its members, save for a brief interval when they essayed the cold hospitality of the Treasurer's office. This cast a considerable burden on the ladies who, to borrow a thought from Homer, "were doomed to deck the *feast* they once enjoyed," a fact commemorated in a touching poem written by one of them and read at an entertainment in Forensic Hall in 1885, of which a single stanza may suggest what Tennyson calls the "bitter cry of wrong":



"We can see them now in the pantries dim, when the hours
are waxing late,
Surrounded by pots, and pans, and cups, while the men are
feasting in state,
They may catch the end of an almanac joke, or may hear one
aged story,
But out in the pantry there's not much fun, and a pain in the
back is not glory."

So, in 1889, the E. Q. B. moved into their present Club House, a spacious edifice whose site and surroundings combine beauty, utility and convenience.



Here, as in Mikey Free's Purgatory, "all the quality of the land" gather fortnightly. The exercises are modeled on the classical sacrificial rites. A victim, called the "Leader," having been previously chosen and crammed for the function, is exhibited to the members for about twenty minutes, to music solemn and slow. He is then sacrificed by the President, and the entrails inspected by the augurs in turn.

The function is then concluded by a feast, during which the spirit returns to the victim, who is allowed to share in the choice of his successor.

Strangers and Philistines are occasionally invited to the Club, but in these cases the ritual is modified out of regard to the State law concerning "willful injury to any living creature." The same motive has caused the pretermission of a moss-grown custom that after the feast certain members of it shall contend with one another as to which could relate the longest and oldest tale, in which competition they had already left Chaucer's Parson and Man of Law far behind, when the night watchman discovered that they had driven the judges to bed.

The natural reticence of the writer forbids further revelations.

—*Veritas.*





Southern Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association

ESTABLISHED, 1891



Representatives of Sewanee in the Contests

1891

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA Paul Trapier Gadsden, S. Carolina.

1892

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY Hudson Stuck, Texas.

1893

SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE Henry Coolidge Semple, Kentucky.

1894

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH * Mercer Green Johnston, Texas.

1895

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY Stuart Strother Maclean, Georgia.

* Medalist. Above cut furnished by The B. H. Stief Jewelry Co., Nashville, Official Jewelers of the Association.

Vanderbilt-Sewanee Debate



Held in the chapel of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, May 17, 1895. The first of a series of three debates. Won by Sewanee.



Debaters

AFFIRMATIVE

J. Reese Lin Vanderbilt.
Garland Bruce Overton Vanderbilt.

NEGATIVE

James Wilmer Gresham Sewanee.
Mercer Green Johnston Sewanee.



Question

Resolved, That the jurisdiction of the Federal Courts should be so increased as to embrace all causes arising within the limits of any State or Territory of the United States which involve international complications.

•



LAUREL ARCH



Sewanee Journalism

MOST of the readers of CAP AND GOWN know but little about the numerous publications of a student nature that have emanated from the University and other presses, in varied and striking garb, and with more or less success, during the short period of the University's existence; and it would be a difficult and well-nigh impossible task to procure complete files of the issues of recent years, not to speak of those that appeared during the first years of Sewanee's growth. As far as can be ascertained, there have been no less than seventeen publications, of which the *University Record* claims priority. This little four-page paper began its career in June, 1872, as a monthly, and was devoted to local interests, laying no claim to literary merit until May, 1875, when the Pi Omega Literary Society became half partner in the venture. At this time it had doubled its number of pages, half of which, under the editorial care of Mr. J. A. Van Hoose, were filled with articles furnished by the members of that society. The Pi Omegas had entered into the arrangement because, they claimed, "a generous rivalry is the life of such societies as ours, and the enterprise of our brethren of the Sigma Epsilon finds a response in this, our attempt to eclipse them, as well as a spur, perhaps, to urge them on to greater attainments." And so the Sigma Epsilon Literary Society had established, in 1875, an independent paper, *The Sigma Epsilon*, edited by Mr. Van Winder Shields. How long this effort was sustained is not known. The *University Record* lived through 1875, two volumes in all of twelve numbers each.

The death of one college paper, however, seems to be an inducement to begin another, and thus it was that in 1875 there appeared *The University News*, a weekly eight-page record of social and current events, with the fresh motto, "Free, Frank and Fearless." Its editor, manager and publisher, Mr. Wm. M. Harlow, made a stride forward in journalism, and we find *The News* a far more complete and satisfactory paper than had yet appeared. It continued its existence until early in 1880.

There followed in 1877 the *Sewanee Dot*, which perished after a short existence, and the memory of this sheet scarce remains. After the lapse of two years the *University Record*, in 1879, reappeared in its former dress and style, only to cease forever after a few issues.

A higher plane of journalism was reached in 1881 with the advent of *Cap and Gown*, under the control of the two literary societies. Commencing with issues of a few pages each, it

soon became an interesting, readable pamphlet, containing good articles of some literary value, at the same time voicing the sentiments of the student body. The merit of this periodical is evinced by its continued success through so many years, until finally, as a private enterprise under the management of Messrs. Butt & Gadsden, it became the *Sewanee* in 1888.

The Flea, a semi-occasional, single sheet, came without invitation and went without permission in March, 1882, and has not been heard of since. In the following years appeared *The Dot*, an itemizer of local and current events, but this one-cent sheet passed away after two issues.

Interest in the literary field during the eighties was not wholly confined to the University proper. The Sigma Pi Society of the Grammar School, in 1883 and 1884, produced two volumes of a small eight-page monthly, known as the *Grammar School Expositor*, to which the Grammar School students were almost the only contributors.

Journalism was rife in 1884. In that year there flourished for awhile the *Sewanee Life*, published and edited by Mr. Wm. M. Harlow in the interest of the students and University.

In the *Sewanee* can be noticed a decided decline, due mainly to a greater desire for financial success than for literary excellence, and after struggling through the summer months of 1889, this monthly ceased to be. The want of a first class periodical, however, was greater than ever before, and in December of this same year the Board of Directors of the *University of the South Magazine* was organized, and in April of the following year appeared the first number. Its literary worth was at once regarded by the college world as of a superior order, and the monthly immediately took high rank in college journalism. All departments of the University received recognition, chiefly the Alumni. This magazine became a quarterly in 1893, and for lack of material support failed to appear after that year.

Owing to the rapid development of athletics at the University, there arose a pressing need of a weekly, giving local events, and thus the *Mountain*, a four-page weekly, began its career in the spring of 1891, and after its tenth issue was succeeded in 1892 by the *Sewanee Times*, a larger four-page weekly, and the liveliest and newsiest organ Sewanee had ever had, whose Christmas number for that year was the first effort of the kind in Southern universities. In the fall of 1894, the *Sewanee Times* changed its name to the *Sewanee Purple*, which has since appeared as a weekly for local events, issuing daily editions during the Commencement seasons.

The greatest undertaking, in which all Sewanee is interested and represented, is CAP AND GOWN, or the Annual, edited by the fraternities. Though there had been anniversary numbers, or summer issues, of the college paper in 1885 and 1890, the first real attempt at an Annual was in 1891. The last issue of CAP AND GOWN was in 1892, and was a work of considerable merit.

The crowning triumph of Sewanee's journalism is *The Sewanee Review*, whose editor is Mr. Wm. P. Trent. This magazine is a quarterly, of over one hundred pages each number, containing articles that possess a high degree of literary excellence, thus raising its standard above that of the ordinary magazines of the day, which are becoming more and more practical in their nature. It has received much favorable criticism, and the *Review of Reviews*, of December, 1892, says of it: "A surprisingly good magazine hails from Sewanee, Tenn., 'The Sewanee Review.' Published under the auspices of the University of the South, it promises to 'be devoted to such topics of general theology, philosophy, history and literature as require fuller treatment than they usually receive in the popular magazines, and less technical treatment than they receive in specialist publications.' This worthy purpose is finely carried out in the initial number, with a noticeable lack of Philistinism. The new quarterly is of good size and well printed, and is a most praiseworthy venture in Southern periodical literature."



UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH MAGAZINE

Editors

LENT TERM, 1893—

J. V. Garlington, *Editor-in-Chief*.
W. L. H. Benton, *Business Manager*.
F. L. Coyle, D. H. Hamilton, A. E. Greene, Spruille
Burford, H. W. Grady, E. D. Johnston.

TRINITY AND LENT TERMS, 1892—

F. E. Shoup, *Business Manager*.
Louis Tucker, Spruille Burford.

TRINITY TERM, 1891—

C. P. Cocke, *Editor-in-Chief*.
E. Wilson, Jr., *Business Manager*.
Hudson Stuck, F. E. Shoup, F. L. Coyle.

LENT TERM, 1891—

Hudson Stuck, *Editor-in-Chief*.
W. B. Nauts, *Business Manager*.
W. H. McKellar, F. E. Shoup, C. P. Cocke.

TRINITY TERM, 1890—

Hudson Stuck, *Editor-in-Chief*.
F. L. Coyle and A. Y. Scott, *Business Managers*.
H. S. McCutcheon, J. C. Morris, F. E. Shoup.

LENT TERM, 1890—

Hudson Stuck, *Editor-in-Chief*.
W. H. McKellar and S. D. Wilcox, *Business Mgrs.*
H. S. McCutcheon, J. C. Morris, C. P. Cocke.



Editors of The Sewanee

THE PREDECESSOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH MAGAZINE

TRINITY TERM, 1889—

R. M. W. Black and J. C. Morris, *Editors-in-Chief*.
F. L. Coyle, W. S. Slack, D. T. Beatty, A. Y. Scott,
Louis Tucker.

LENT TERM, 1889—

W. N. Guthrie and J. C. Morris, *Editors-in-Chief*.
H. W. Jones, P. T. Gadsden, F. L. Coyle, J. B.
Elliott.

TRINITY TERM, 1888—

E. G. Murphy and W. N. Guthrie, *Editors-in-Chief*.
Hutson Lee, W. T. Manning, J. C. Morris, J. H.
Armstrong.

LENT TERM, 1888—

E. G. Murphy and W. N. Guthrie, *Editors-in-Chief*.
R. E. L. Craig, A. W. Butt, E. McCrady, R. M. W.
Black.

Editors of the Cap and Gown

PREDECESSOR OF THE SHWANEE

LENT TERM, 1887—SECOND HALF—

Quincy Ewing and E. G. Murphy, *Editors-in-Chief*.
B. W. Wrenn, Jr., and J. B. Elliott, Jr., *Bus. Mgrs.*
W. N. Guthrie, A. W. Butt, E. D. Smith, R. E. L. Craig.

LENT TERM, 1887—FIRST HALF—

W. P. Finley and W. H. McKellar, *Editors-in-Chief*.
J. R. Taylor and C. G. Coyle, *Business Managers*.
Quincy Ewing, W. N. Guthrie, J. W. Spratt, P. P. Green.

TRINITY TERM, 1886—

G. L. Crocket and W. P. Finley, *Editors-in-Chief*.
C. L. Steel and J. R. Taylor, *Business Managers*.
W. H. McKellar, Quincy Ewing, A. H. Dashiell, W. N. Guthrie.

LENT TERM, 1886—

G. L. Crocket and A. H. Dashiell, *Editors-in-Chief*.
C. L. Steel, Robert Gibson and D. Shields, *Business Managers*.
W. B. Thompson, F. H. Miller, Jr., E. C. Tucker, W. P. Finley.

TRINITY TERM, 1885—

A. H. Dashiell and W. H. McKellar, *Eds.-in-Chief*.
Wilmer Shields and C. L. Steel, *Business Managers*.
E. C. Tucker, G. L. Crocket, W. P. Finley, W. B. Thompson, Jr.

LENT TERM, 1885—

A. H. Dashiell and W. H. McKellar, *Editors*.
J. C. Warren and J. W. Spratt, *Business Managers*.
E. C. Tucker, W. P. Finley, C. T. Wright, W. B. Thompson, Jr.

TRINITY TERM, 1884—

G. L. Crocket and J. G. Glass, *Editors*.
H. O. Riddel, A. E. Cornish, W. H. McKellar, E. C. Tucker.

LENT TERM, 1884—

G. L. Crocket and A. H. Marks, *Editors*.
R. T. Brownrigg, A. R. Mitchell, H. O. Riddel, A. E. Cornish, B. Micou.

TRINITY TERM, 1883—

W. A. Guerry and Walter Bremond, *Editors*.
S. B. McGlohon, T. C. Barrett, A. R. Mitchell, N. B. Harris, J. M. Platt, H. O. Riddel, B. L. Wiggins (alumnus).

LENT TERM, 1883—

W. A. Guerry, H. M. Garwood and Walter Bremond, *Editors*.
A. R. Mitchell, J. M. Platt, S. B. McGlohon and N. B. Harris, *Business Managers*.
Roland Hale, T. C. Barrett, A. R. Mitchell, M. C. Pegues, J. A. Harris, H. O. Riddel.

TRINITY TERM, 1882—

W. A. Guerry and H. M. Garwood, *Editors*.
W. B. Nauts and A. R. Mitchell, *Business Managers*.
J. P. Wingfield, A. H. Marks, Walter Bremond, J. A. Harris.

LENT TERM, 1882—

W. A. Percy, R. W. Barnwell, J. W. Percy and W. A. Guerry, *Editors*.
W. B. Nauts and A. R. Mitchell, *Business Managers*.
C. B. Hudgins, Walter Bremond, A. R. Taylor, J. P. Wingfield.

TRINITY TERM, 1881—

W. A. Percy and R. W. Barnwell, *Editors*.
W. B. Nauts, *Business Manager*.
C. B. Hudgins, A. R. Taylor.

LENT TERM, 1881—

W. H. Moreland, *Editor*.
W. B. Nauts, *Business Manager*.
F. F. Davis, W. A. Percy.



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		W. B. THOMPSON.



1888. PHOTO

HOGUE

ROBERTSON

EDITORS OF THE SEWANEE PURPLE

WOOD

FINCKNEY

HERRARD

TUCKER

CONSTANT

BLACKLOCK

DOWDALL

JOHNSTON



The Sewanee Purple

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY FROM APRIL TO JULY, AND SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER



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Editors of The Sewanee Times

THE PREDECESSOR OF THE PURPLE



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		A. E. GREENE,		A. G. BLACKLOCK,		T. J. CROSBY, Jr.

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H. C. SEMPLE	<i>Poet.</i>
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			F. V. WILSON,			J. M. MORRIS.

Trinity Term, 1892

J. V. GARLINGTON	<i>Editor-in-Chief.</i>
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C. M. TOBIN	<i>Business Manager.</i>
W. H. LIPSCOMB,			S. BURFORD, Jr.			LOUIS TUCKER.

Editors



The Mountain, 1892

F. E. SHOUP	<i>Editor.</i>
ELLWOOD WILSON	<i>Business Manager.</i>



University News, 1875-78

W. M. HARLOW	R. H. WELLER, JR.
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University Record, 1875

J. A. VAN HOOSE,	JOHN KERSHAW,	V. W. SHIELDS,	JOHN DAVIS.
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1874

W. M. HARLOW,
J. J. HANNA.

1872-74

V. W. SHIELDS,
JOHN DAVIS.

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL.

ESTABLISHED 1892.

W. P. TRENT, M. A., EDITOR.

VOL. IV.

This Review was established under the auspices of the Faculty of the University. It is devoted to such topics of general Theology, Philosophy, History and Literature as require fuller treatment than they usually receive in the popular magazines, and less technical treatment than they receive in specialist publications. In other words, the Review conforms more nearly to the type of the English Reviews than is usual with American periodicals.

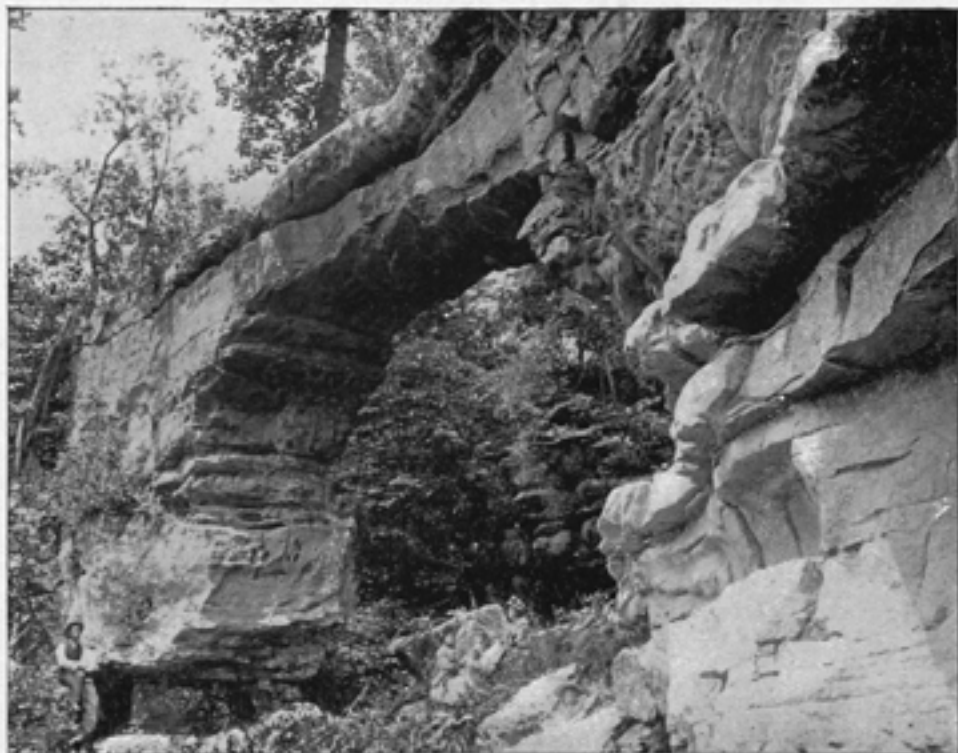
Some Sewanee Books

LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND FREE SCHOOLS IN SOUTH CAROLINA, Burr J. Ramage, Ph.D.

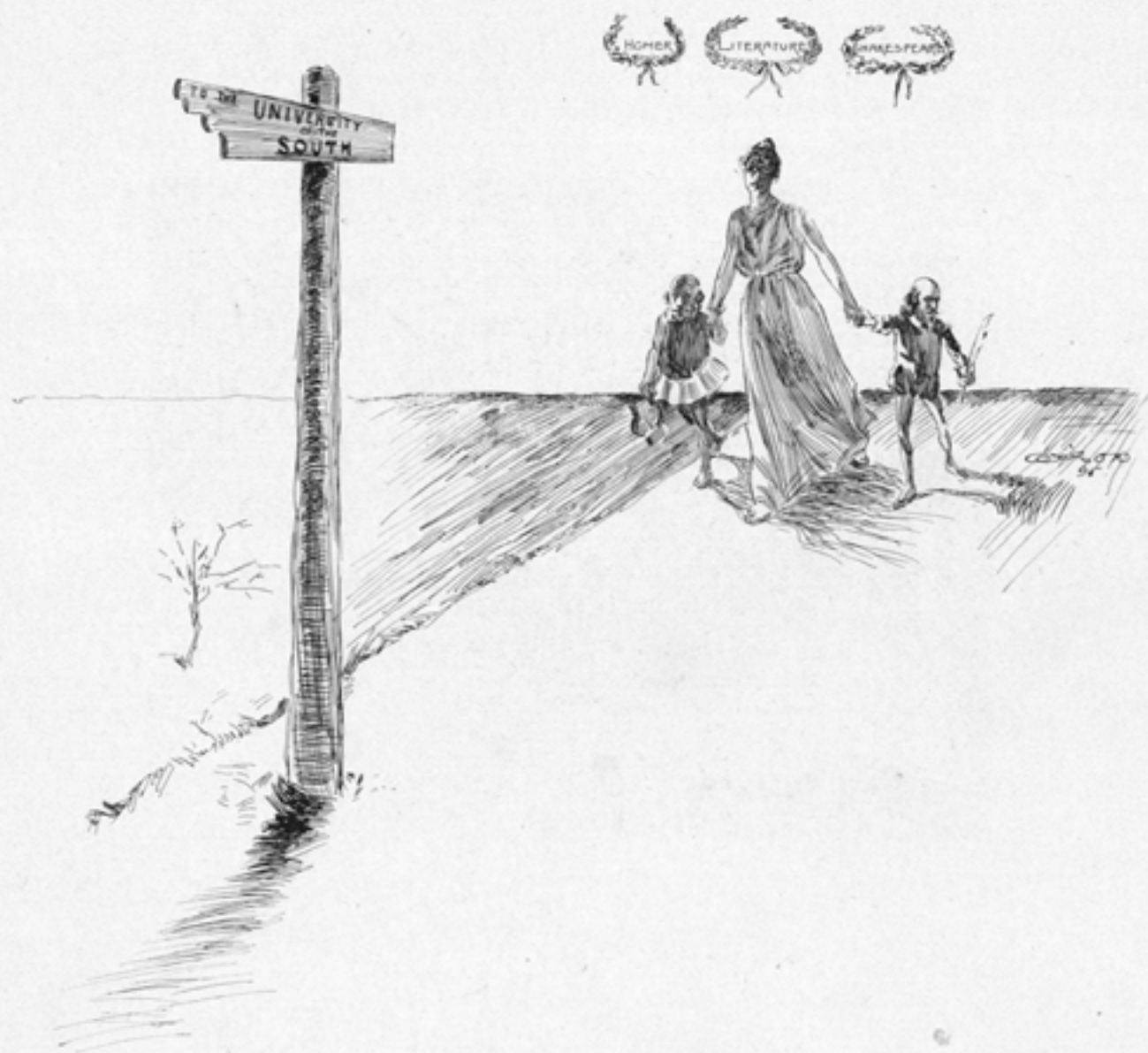
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THE SILVER WEDDING . . . E. W. Johns, M.D.	LYRICS, IDYLS AND FRAGMENTS Joseph H. Armstrong.
THE ODES OF HORACE (Translations), Caskie Harrison, Ph.D.	



NATURAL BRIDGE



"Thus to pleasant fetters yielding,
Still I turn the idle rhyme,
While the brave their arms are wielding
In the mighty strife of Time."



"My sentences, it is acknowledged by
all good judges, are well constructed
and harmonious."



"The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea."

Night

O Mother Night, older than all creation,
Who wast in the beginning without name,
From generation unto generation
Thou art unchanging, and thy years the same.

Day's hot, short life lies dead beneath thy kisses,
Killed with sweet sleep, o'er-mastered by thy might,
And in thy infinite and still abysses
All light is lost, and shadow of all light.

For light is of the suns, whose ceaseless motion
Ripples the ether outward from their place;
Thine is the distant, far-enfolding ocean,
The boundless, waveless, sunless sea of space.

Yet art thou loving unto us, O mother,
To give us rest from toiling of our days.
We are thy children, born not of another,
We singers of thy perfectness and praise.

Time was when all that smote the harp to ringing
With tuneful trouble of the trembling chords
Had the strong sense of sunlight in their singing,
Crowned with the laurel, conquerors and lords.

Now we are weary, waiting for the morning,
The dawn that is not of the sun of song;
Of the new day no wakeful bird gives warning,
Though the stars wane and we have waited long.

Shall we watch on, till every star that twinkled
Be swept as dust from off the heavenly way,
And the gray east grow white with foam-flakes sprinkled,
Cast from the champings of the steeds of day?

Sweeter to look when the slow sun has faded
Into the heaving waters of the west,
And shadows darken, and the lights are shaded,
And the sea's trouble ripples into rest.

Far down the cloudlets drift in red and amber,
Fallen feathers of the golden hours that fly;
Up from the eastern gate thy footsteps clamber,
And thy blown hair makes shadow in the sky.

The shining stars are strewn upon thy tresses,
The wind is soft with breathings of thy lips;
Thy magic moonlight silvers and caresses
The sleeping cities and the drifting ships.

Thou art the queen of passion and of pleasure,
Mother of all loves, beautiful or base;
Kisses and smiles and tears are of thy treasure,
Sighing and sleep are given of thy grace.

Thine are the loves that live, the loves that wither,
Whispers, and faces seen through lattice bars,
Breathings of flute, and voice of trembling zither,
And sound of singing underneath the stars.

Thine also is the web none may unravel,
Of wayward fancies, dream-entangled thought,
That clothes the ways wherein our spirits travel
With veils of visions wonderfully wrought.

Wherefore we turn to thee, O Night, our mother,
With thy Lethean poppies garlanded,
There is no man to call the dreamer brother,
Nor hath he kin save thee and thy great dead.

Fame's laurel wreath we covet not, nor glory,
Nor love nor joy we seek, nor aught but rest,
To sleep, while all the worlds grow old and hoary,
Upon the pillow of thy pulseless breast.

Shield us alone from daylight that discovers
Too soon the secrets and the dreams of earth;
Mother of love, and queen of many lovers,
Grant us thy rest from sorrow and from mirth.

So may we sleep, with all that were before us,
Till time be ended like a tale that's told,
Till singing spheres be soundless in their chorus,
And all the circles of the suns grow cold.

Then, in the universal consummation,
When faith and hope have vanished into sight,
Redeemed, transfigured, in God's new creation
We shall awaken from thy shades, O Night.



"The light and air are brighter there
Than all one's life together."

SEWANEE

IS usually spoken of as unique, but it is more than that—it is strange and mysterious. Its location, its

birth, its death, its resurrection, its existence, its laws, its life, its methods, even its beasts and feathered fowls; its streets, and lots, and gate-latches, and fences are strange and mysterious.

Twice planned and planted in faith and love, Sewanee has been strangely hampered, and mysteriously clogged, until one is almost tempted to believe that some malevolent creature, coming down from the remote past of the place, must have banned its birth and interdicted its resurrection.

But in spite of all, the dear old place lives on. Through chances and changes; through good report and evil report; through abuse, and brag, and blame, and blunders; in spite of friends and foes, it lives.

The air is as fresh as Paradise; the trees as green as the Promised Land; the grass—well, the grass will grow after awhile when people have time to tie each blade up to a stick, so that it will have something to lean against.

But trees, and air, and grass make many other places lovely, almost as lovely as Sewanee, so that these things can not be the reason of her success. Nor can it be the climbing pigs, nor the fowls whose feathers grow from their bones, nor the sheet-iron beef, nor the blasphemous gate-latches, nor the strangely wandering main street that encircles Tremlett Hall and ends *behind* the houses on the circle. None of these things, we are sure, can account for the success of Sewanee.

Is it the work of officers; the patience of the people; the favors of the Trustees, or the students? Officers are elected or appointed; young, vigorous, enthusiastic, hopeful; some of them handsome, with plenty of hair on their heads, plenty of color in their cheeks, plenty of love in their hearts, and they go to work earnestly and devotedly. And then, like the old nursery rhyme "The mouse begins to gnaw the rope; the rope begins to hang the butcher; the butcher begins to kill the ox; the ox begins to drink the water; the water begins to quench the fire; the fire begins to burn the stick; the stick begins to beat the dog; the dog begins to bite the pig; and the pig, much to the old woman's joy, gets over the stile and goes home. But not so the pigs-of-officers at

Sewanee. The poor things get over the stile, often against their own judgment, then they are harried and hunted by that old woman who might stand for many people, or bodies of people, professing to watch with fatherly and motherly interest over Sewanee. These pigs-of-people are prodded with sharp sticks to go forward, and pulled with cutting ropes to come back; and alternately buttered and billingsgated until they get baldheaded and gray-haired; get weak, and weary, and lantern-jawed; and resign or are resigned, and go away to die, or to work spiritlessly in other fields, with nothing left to them but an undying love for Sewanee.

Is not this strange and mysterious?

Is it the patience of the people? People at a distance hear of this air of Paradise, these trees of the Promised Land, this grass of the dim future, and they pack up their household gods, their children and cooking stoves, and come to Sewanee.

They are going to be mothers and fathers to nice boys—dear Sewanee boys; they are going to provide Elysian fields for summer visitors; they are going to keep school for stray girls, or open a shop, or have a market garden, or keep a dairy farm on the grass of the future. They come full of hope and enthusiasm like the officers. Then again the old nursery rhyme begins, and these pigs-of-people hop or crawl over the stile according to their age or temperament; are harried and hunted into a corner where, with sad eyes and eager hands they work patiently at whatever they find to do, and living luxuriously on "mustard greens," say gently: "It could not be helped; Sewanee is developing, and things must change." Then their eyes light up with that everlasting love of Sewanee, and they add, "We would rather die here than live anywhere else!"

Is not this strange and mysterious?

Is it the favors of the Trustees? These favors of the Trustees have taken every shape except dynamite, and yet, on the theory of "who is loved is chastened," the Trustees have blown Sewanee up morally, spiritually, financially and organizationally; but good, bad or indifferent there is no sameness nor lack of love in these favors.

Paper and ink would fail us if we attempted to tell of the "governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters" that in past times have been sent here by Trustees. Nice, kindly old gentlemen whose educations had stopped fifty years before, but whose "general knowledge and infinite goodness would easily enable them to compass and fill *any* chair." And each man would come and conquer and remain, or fail and go, but Sewanee lived on.

Is not this strange and mysterious?

Is it the students? We have seen a cowboy in a sombrero come to Sewanee, and stopping at one of the chief residences ask if they "had a bed to hire?" The following year he was leading

a german at the Easter Monday hop. We have seen students come to Sewanee with as many trunks as girls would have, and with muscles as soft as mush. The following year they would be catching behind the bat, or stripped for the sports. We have seen "street-rats" develop into theologues, and some who were "too good for human nature's daily food," grow into objurgating officers in the Grammar School Department. We have seen the bashful winning laurels on the rostrum, and the "tough" singing in the choir. But whether as lawyers, soldiers, editors, diplomats, writers, physicians, teachers, preachers, pastors or masters; whether as cowboys on the plains, or inventing the only instrument that succeeded in touching the diseased throat of the Emperor Frederick of Germany; whether as Mayors, or Governors, or Bishops, or Proctors, or Chaplains, or Vice Chancellors, or Trustees, or Greshams, or Johnstons bearing away the laurels from Vanderbilt; whether crowned with highest honors, or dismissed in silent contempt, Sewanee puts her mysterious touch on each one of them; and whenever her name is mentioned there comes into their eyes the light of the everlasting love for Sewanee!

It must be all of these things that make Sewanee's life. The work of the officers, past and present; the patience of the people—all who have ever been here; the favors of the Trustees from the earliest times until now, and the students from the first man registered—Charles Fairbanks—to the youngest boy in the Grammar School Department of today. For though many officers have come and gone, many have remained as long as they desired. And though many people have come and failed, many have succeeded. And if in the past the Trustees have given Sewanee enough white elephants to stock several menageries, they have given her many good gifts as well. They have given her buildings, and officers, and students worth having and keeping. They have given her lessons in grace, in love, in patience, in forbearance, in faith, in architecture, in humility. They have given her medals, and cups, and encouragement, and money; and now that they have ceased to look on Sewanee as a coöperative refuge for all the odd people in the various States, things are assuming a more permanent aspect.

But whatever may be the cause, the fact remains that without one cent of endowment Sewanee lives, and does a great work. And all who have known her well, whether they have succeeded or failed, seem to look back to her most lovingly—her defects forgotten, her advantages glorified. And in the memories of her own children Sewanee grows ever more and more beautiful, for to them she is in truth the Mecca, the Paradise, the Promised Land, and they declare with one accord that the mystery of Sewanee is the eternal mystery of *Love*.

Sarah Barnwell Elliott.



My Love

I.

Pearls of the orient fade,
Stars in the firmament wane,
Time will all beauty invade,
Grief will the fairest face stain,
Things that are earthly are vain,
Decayed by the rain and the wind,
But the love of my Love will remain
For she lives alone in my mind.

II.

Misfortunes affect not her love,
Poverty brings no decline,
The hand is the same, though the glove
Be never so fancy and fine.
Her love is a passion divine,
Decayed not by wind nor by rain,
She is always and ever *all* mine,
For she's just a sweet thought in my brain.

"Uncle Bob"

"LOVE, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," "Uncle Bob." "Against such there is no law," these being the "fruit of the spirit," and predominating elements of happiness in the "Life at Sewanee," of which "Miss Angelica" so feelingly and charmingly tells in *Cap and Gown* of '91.

To be accurate, "Miss Angelica," in her very unique introduction of the summer guest to the virtues of our beautiful mountain top, did not exactly, in so many words, direct his special attention to the admirable characteristics of "Uncle Bob," nor did her limited knowledge of the stranger invite or justify elaborate mention of this personality so dear to the Sewanee boy; this personality so soothing and indispensable to the perplexed housekeeper in her adjustment of the historical "due bill"; this "Uncle Bob," so inimitable in his pleasant way.

But she did tell, and plainly, how every true heart here is in reality "*a part of the University*," and of course we understood at once that she was thinking, as we were, of what a big "part" of this University our "Uncle Bob" must have been in times past, is now, and ever will be, so long as true hearts and memories do not go out of fashion. There are, doubtless, a few absent friends and readers of the Annual, who, not having been among us to know and appreciate him, may be glad of the information that this individual, so preëminently a favorite, has been baptized, and is thereby in actual possession of the regulation Christian, middle and surname; and, also, that he is formally known in our University calendar as "Robert M. DuBose, Treasurer." Of this "Treasurer" we delight to chronicle, that unselfish devotion and loyalty in the discharge of duty to our beloved institution has entitled him to an abiding place in the confidence and affection of all who have Sewanee's best interests at heart.

There are intervals, to be sure, in the Treasurer's foretaste of Elysium, when he is not altogether as blissfully happy as "Uncle Bob." Of course, papas and mammas will go picnicking, now and then, and overlook the absent student's monthly remittance, or a wreck delays the coveted check, in consequence of which the green apple trade suffers depression, and the student's digestion *suffers* repairs. These calamities not unfrequently come with the days when the thermometer loses its temper, and people abuse the President; when Silverites are out of tune, and the mountain out of summer breezes; those very days, too, when the soda-fount overflows with

cooling draughts, and the dancing-school doors are temptingly thrown open to the *affluent* only. Then, and only then, the conscientious and properly baptized Robert M. DuBose, Treasurer, is dubbed by impatient youth a "professional dodger." No Sewanee boy would dare call "Uncle Bob" that! It is on these occasions of dire distress that "Uncle Bob" hastens to the rescue of the disconsolate Treasurer by way of a loan—perhaps the very amen "quarter" of his last month's salary—that the aforesaid financially depleted may come out of his melancholy in a dance with his best girl. And so it is, we have brought you the truth from Galatians, fifth chapter, twenty-second and twenty-third verses, down through University Revelations. And so it is, we affectionately inscribe "Uncle Bob" on the commemorative pages of Sewanee's Annual: "Against such there is no law."



Some Who Have Left Us

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

IF we look into our hearts we shall see that the above quotation contains the only reason that we can adduce for the withdrawing from us of the men whose names and memories we wish lovingly and reverently to commemorate in this little sketch.



MR. GAILOR

"Lest one good custom should corrupt the world." For this reason, and this reason only, the "old order" changed.

We begin with our old Chaplain, "Mr. Gailor." Preëminently *the* Chaplain,—always remembered as the Chaplain,—pictured here as the Chaplain, before any robes, either academic, as Vice Chancellor; or episcopal, as Bishop, had removed him from us for ever so small a space. As Chaplain, he was *our own*—one of us; "one of the boys" in the best sense of the term. He worked so earnestly for every thing—foot ball, base ball, athletic sports, any thing that made the boys happier and better. He sang, and prayed, and scolded, and visited, and was visited, enthusiastically; and preached *hard*! His eyes would flash, and his voice quiver, and he would thump the lectern until the small boys on the front benches would sit breathless, with open mouths and staring

eyes; and the stately synagogue, and the lordly juniors would clear their throats to prove their self-possession, and for this same reason the professors would blow their noses! First he moved up to the Vice Chancellor's throne; to the world it seemed up, but already as Chaplain he had

a throne in every Sewanee heart; then he moved away altogether to be Bishop. We all know that Sewanee stands for the *best* element in the rising generation throughout this land, and with a few more years worth of alumni we could, and would have made "Mr. Gailor" a "bloomin' dictator" on a solid gold platform—no silver anywhere! Thus, the "good custom" would have corrupted this pure Republic of America into a down-trodden oligarchy, with "Mr. Gailor" and Sewanee having a good time trampling upon it.

Then Dr. Shoup, who, coming here in 1868, struggled for and with Sewanee through all the best years of his life, left us. He who felt no burden too heavy, nor any task too hard if it were for Sewanee. Nothing was beneath his dignity, nor beyond his reach, nor too



DR. SHOUP

painful to be borne, if it would help Sewanee. No one living person can know all the storms of discontent and faction that beat themselves into peace over his devoted head; no one will ever know of all he did "without money and without price" for this most dearly loved work of his life. He was always on the side of "the afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate,"—his friends never found him anything but faithful; his opponents never found him anything but generous and magnanimous. And loving every stick and stone; every tree and path; every memory and hope of the place, he went away. He loves Sewanee, and Sewanee loves him, but the "old order" had changed.

Of the others who have gone from us,—away out of our reach, how hard it is to speak adequately! We seem to see them; we seem to hear them; we

seem to walk with them through the glancing lights and shadows.

The old soldier, General Kirby-Smith, alert and straight, with the heart of a boy, and eyes whose light not time nor trouble could quench. His all-embracing hospitality; his ringing laugh and hearty greeting; his big dogs leaping about him; his horse, with its long, swinging gallop—we seem to hear him and see him still! He loved Sewanee, too. "The best place to live in, the best place to die in," he said. And when his summons came he went as simply,



GENERAL KIRBY-SMITH

nigh the last link between the Sewanee of the founders, and the Sewanee of today; between the Sewanee of great endowment and great plans, and the Sewanee of the bravest fight for existence that an institution has ever made. His life was one long labor of love to all about him; one long record of conscientious duty and patient endurance, until at last he seemed to have reached—

"That blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on."

and as trustfully as a child at his father's bidding. And another shadow fell on the "old order" that was changing.

Another went from us, not so full of years, but rather in the prime of his days. No one ever loved Sewanee more; no one ever worked for her more earnestly; no heart ever broke more visibly nor more surely under the burden of her troubles, and the blows of her enemies. Young, strong, with a great enthusiasm, and love, and ambition, he came among us. He spent, and was spent; but when he saw that the "old order" was changing, he took his faithful hand from off the helm he had held so long. Then he went his quiet way, still loving, still working for Sewanee, until one gray, windless day the bell tolled softly, and Sewanee knew that the soul of Dean Hodgson, once her Vice Chancellor, had gone where changes never come.

One other we commemorate, the late venerable Chancellor, Alexander Gregg, Bishop of Texas. He was well-



DEAN HODGSON

Truly, he was serene and blessed in his faith and trustful love. Sewanee had no stauncher supporter than Bishop Gregg; no man who prayed for her more earnestly, nor worked for her more practically. And if ever the power of righteousness was set forth in the life of a man, it was set forth in the life of the first Bishop of Texas.

And that Sewanee is doing a great work; is winning her way surely, if slowly, to the best success, must be due to the good men—the upright, brave and true men, who have given to her the best that was in them.

Sarah Barnwell Elliott.



When I am dead, take me beyond the bay,
There let the grand old words of hope be said;
There let me sink at dawning of the day
When I am dead.

The long, low surges of the moaning sea,
Rolling off soundings ever overhead,
Shall chant my requiem eternally
When I am dead.



She: "Why have they dubbed that young
law student 'Necessity'?"
He: "Because Necessity knows no law!"

Heigh ho! lessons are over,
 Latin books high in their place on the shelf,
 Bumble bee booms through the daisies and clover,
 Squirrel in oak tree is guarding his pelf.
 High on the uplands the sheep wander lazily,
 Cows stand in the pasture knee-deep in the grass,
 Look, how the far distant hills shimmer hazily!
 Over the valley the cloud-shadows pass.
 Down in the hollow the waters lie darkening
 All through the haze of the still afternoon:
 Winds are asleep, and the meadows are hearkening
 To the shrill whir of the grasshopper's tune.



When there is no more sea:—of sunless light,
 Of pure gold like unto clear glass it stands,
 Of jacinth, amethyst, and chrysolite
 Flashing, not built with hands.

And all adown that city from the hill,
 Light like unto an emerald is shed;
 But the great winds along the coast are still,
 And the great sea is dead.

A jacinth and a sardonyx where pour
 Silence and golden light—but what do we,
 We men who love the gray salt ocean's roar
 When there is no more sea.

The Lamb and the Ladies

A Recollection

WHY a theological student should be bashful I do not know. Perhaps it is because he was once a postulant and is ashamed. There was once a theological student named Lamb, who was a good athlete, understood boys, and was for a time head Proctor of the University, and a thorn in the side of Kendal Hall. But he feared women.

Kendal Hall was not in the habit of fearing Proctors of any grade, but the Lamb was an energetic man—which most Proctors are not—and tradition whispered that he had even been a bearable postulant. Therefore he was looked on with awe and reverence. Moreover, he distributed demerits to Kendal justly and with a liberal hand, and justice, severity and authority are singly so rare in this world that their combination is uncanny. Kendal hardly dared to row at night any more, and ceased to regard rules as made to be broken. Harris no longer tormented Black. The duke was still. Even Shepherd's dare-devil ingenuity seemed blighted.

Now, Sewanee is something of a summer resort, and toward the end of the term a good many boarders—mostly girls—come to the mountain. One day, two of these were coming to Kendal, and Tom Shepherd very gallantly gave up his room in the main house and moved over with Matthews into one of the cottages. The ladies arrived as expected, and took the room; in the evening Tom seemed to be walking on air and chuckled continually, but when one looked at him he grew preternaturally solemn.

That night Kendal Hall was planning a raid on a cherry orchard, when a scout from our friend and ally, Alabama Hall, came down to tell us that Proc. Lamb was making a sudden inspection of the mountain, and had caught a dozen men out of bounds already. We went to bed at once—it was past twelve—the scout slipped over the back fence, and there was silence until one o'clock.

Everyone sleeps with one's door unlocked at Sewanee. It is cooler so, and there are burglars. Proc. Lamb was making his inspection alone, and about one o'clock he reached Kendal and went into every student's room. He had inspected often and knew where to go.

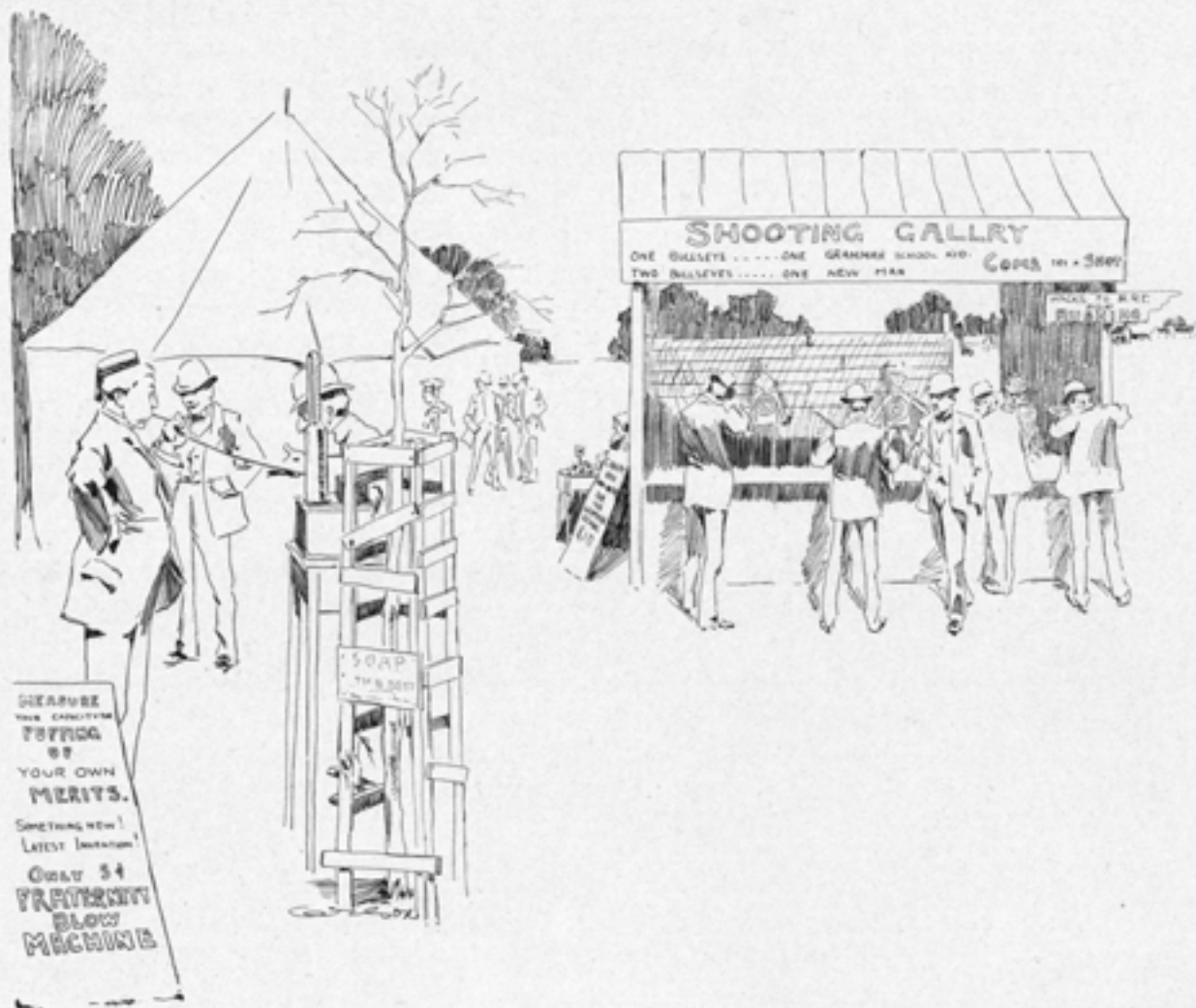
He had a dark lantern, because the other kind would have been seen and taken as a warning. He finished the cottage, except Tom's room, which he supposed empty, and then went into the main house. The sleepers awoke at once, and Tom and Matthews slipped from room to room and warned the men that there was something coming.

It came. There was a shout and clash from the main house, some one shrieked "murder! thieves! fire!" and everyone rushed in. The Lamb, it seems, knew where Tom's old room was, and in due course went there and found the room dark. He called Tom by name as he came in, but no one answered. He called again and again. No answer. So, thinking the boys were playing some trick, he walked to the further side of the room, opened the slide of his lantern, and saw!—

* * * * *

The ladies were quieted after a while, but their burglar had bolted. He had not come out of the house, for we must have seen him, yet he could not be found anywhere. All the students had been driven out after the first alarm, but two or three were finally called in for consultation and to help catch the burglar, the first ever known at Sewanee. Tom explained that it was not a real burglar; only Proc. Lamb on a midnight inspection, but still he could not be found. Finally, Tom thought for a minute, and then opened the door of a closet which is just by the side of the door of the room, and there, in the darkest corner, trembling all over and blushing like the setting sun, stood Proc. Lamb. He had run through the wrong door and into the dark.

The story was kept as quiet as possible—that is to say, it took three days to spread—and midnight inspections ceased during Proc. Lamb's reign. Several Halls secretly passed votes of thanks to Kendal, and Kendal itself, in secret conclave, congratulated Tom and voted the freedom of the Hall to the sub-Proctor who had warned him of the coming inspection: which freedom was a real thing, for Proc. Lamb never visited that end of town again, and Kendal was safe from disturbance, until a new Proctor arose in the land.



The Romance of the Kyd

PHIL SAUNDERS came to the mountain in August, 1890, and entered the Grammar School. He was not a prepossessing looking little chap, and wouldn't get out of the Grammar School for a year, so our "rushers" did not pay much attention to him.

He played end on the Grammar School football team that fall, and I could see then, by the gritty way he tackled, that there was good stuff in him. Once Jones, the hundred and ninety pound guard, went charging around Phil's end with the ball. Phil tackled him like a streak, and brought him down. It looked like David and Goliath. Jones fell on top, and Phil's breath was knocked out of him, and his ankle was twisted so that he could hardly stand, but he would keep on playing, and they had to force him to stop. Oh, he was full of grit!

That winter White, who lived in the same town, saw a good deal of him, and rushed him a little. Some Beta Alpha Gammas from Vanderbilt rushed him, too. They must have written to the Betas at Sewanee about him, for when we came back in March they seemed to be pretty thick with him. White kept his eye on him for us, however, and had him up in his room several times, so that we might meet him. We decided that we wanted him, and just about that time the Chi Omegas seemed to come to the same conclusion, so there were three fraternities after him, the Betas, the Chis, and ourselves, the Tau Theta Phis. We saw that it was not going to be any cinch, so we put our best Grammar School rushers to work on him, White, Graves and Foster. Those fellows would rather rush a kid than eat.

It was very funny. You know, you can't rush a Grammar School boy as you would a Junior, because the Pan Hellenic Laws will not permit a fraternity to pledge them, or even "spike" them, before they get their Junior. So you can't rush him out-and-out, but just pretend that you take an interest in him, that you are fond of him personally, and that you want to keep him out of mischief. He knows what is going on, however, just as well as you do. Fraternities would sometimes be brought into the conversation, accidentally, and then we would always take care to refer, incidentally, to our high athletic and literary standing, and Phil would ask questions in an unsuspecting way that made us laugh.

I did not rush him much, myself, but White and Foster were always going around to see him. They'd take him down to Phil Hawkins and Bishop Wadhams, and fill him up with

milk-shakes and cider and mince pies to a dangerous extent, and they'd go with him to the baseball games, whenever the Betas or the Chis didn't get him first.

The Chis were musical, and had most of the men in the glee club. Phil had a guitar, and they used to go over to his room, and play and sing with him. We swore at them, to ourselves, when we saw how much he seemed to enjoy that. Towards Commencement the fun grew fast and furious. We were afraid of the Chi Omegas, and they were afraid of us, but I think they thought they had him. The Beta Alpha Gammas were practically out of the race, still they kept on. Mrs. Spotswood is an enthusiastic Tau, and so is Miss Mabel Sheridan, and they rushed the Kyd for us "right." He fell quite in love with Miss Mabel, who wore White's badge, and she encouraged him so much that it made White jealous, and he started to withdraw his vote for Phil, but we would n't let him. The Chis had a lot of girls, and they used to rush him for them.

Commencement was very close, and we were getting nervous, because the Kyd seemed to be very intimate with one or two Chis. He seemed to like all of us, though, and White and he were like brothers. All the time not a word had been said to him about joining us, for we could n't "spike" him until the Juniors had been announced on the night of the Grammar School Commencement.

At last the eventful night came, and fifteen Grammar School boys sat on the front bench trying to look patient through the dry exercises. At the back of the hall there was a crowd of men, who crept up the aisle very slowly, but very surely. Every fraternity had its football men there, ready for the grand rush. There were about twenty in the gang. They inched nearer and nearer to the boys on the front bench, who were trying hard not to look. The names were read out; the Kyd was the last. The master's sonorous voice said slowly: "The exercises of the evening——." There was a wild rush and scramble. The Chis grabbed him, and hustled him out a side window; we ran around out the front door, and the Betas with us. He was nearly pulled to pieces, and was scared nearly to death. Then a ring was formed around him, and we told him to take his choice—Tau, Beta or Chi. There was a breathless pause, then he whispered: "I—I—think I'll join the Taus!" The ring melted away. We gave the old Tau yell, and the next morning the Kyd, "the baby" now, wore a Tau badge on his coat.



If So, Why Not?

I.

If I *swear* I love you,
And your brown eyes fall,
Though the things I'm saying of you
Are not true at all—
Compliments of Love's own making
Are the truest we have got,
And if my heart is *really* breaking,
Well—If so, why not?

II.

Why ask about my past affections?
I never lived till now!
(And yet my other predilections
Heard this self-same vow)—
Still, these gentle fabrications
Are the mainstay of the plot,
And if they're only recreations—
Well—If so, why not?

The Unseen Nun

THE reporters on a great daily are a small army. They are thrown out as skirmishers—*en echelon* or in mass. The other papers are watched, and man is pitted against man.

When something big occurs, routine men are drawn off their details and are thrown out in pairs or in squads, as the occasion demands. The general of these movements, if he outwits his opponents and manages to secure better news, is the most valuable city editor. Occasions arise when a delicate piece of news has to be handled—so delicate that those employed in working it up never say a word about it, and most of them are kept ignorant as to who are their co-workers in the matter. Such delicate maneuvers, if successfully carried out, generally result in scoops, and sometimes, when they fail, only the waste basket is the wiser for the news.

A reporter does not always have to be told that there is something going on. When there is a big item in the air, his news instinct unerringly warns him. Accordingly, as this instinct is developed, the good and bad reporters are rated.

On that autumn afternoon, when I walked into the office, I saw that the city editor was groping mentally with a problem, which was calling into requisition his every resource. There were several reporters in the office, in a disintegrated state. Some were dickering away at early "copy" on typewriters, while others were idly scanning some loose papers. There was plenty of cigarette smoke in the air, and the dingy office was already well littered.

"What's up?" said I, drifting alongside the police editor, Clement, who had a shrewd, clean shaved face and snappy eyes, and who was the only reporter unoccupied. Clement's face was wrinkled with happiness.

"Well," he answered, chuckling, with a significant motion in the direction of the city editor, "I worked a little chestnut in on him."

Clement never chuckled over anything less than a murder or an outbreak of the Mafia. His chuckle was a soft and melodious one.

"What do you mean?" said I; "has the Replice scandal come out, or have you let them into the mysteries of the McNamara murder?"

Clement looked at me suspiciously, and his smile left his face as the sun sweeps off a grain field in summer. "Ah-h," he said. He drew the exclamation out of his mouth as one stretches a piece of chewing gum. "Where did you get that information? Where did you hear of the McNamara business?"

It was my time to chuckle. "That's all right," I said. "I sometimes go in the police sweat-box; but it's your property and I won't interfere in it. But tell me, what is up now?"

Again the smiles wrinkled and tucked themselves in around Clement's eyes. "I'm on to a good story, by accident. The grand jury has been in session all day, and I was watching witnesses go in; got tired, and was about to give up, when three Sisters of Charity—nuns—went in." Clement paused to be impressive. "Don't you know," and he spoke each word slowly and distinctly, as you drop laudanum, "that-a-few-days-ago, Friday, the-Mother-Superior-of-the-Convent-of-the-Sacred-Cross—died?"

"Yes, I know that; the funeral was yesterday; and what of it?"

"She died very suddenly, and the grand jury is investigating it. It takes your breath away, eh? It came over me all of a sudden up there in the criminal court, and I rushed down here to get the thing worked up; it ought to be worth a page."

"Dowell," called out the city editor.

While the city editor calls there is a cessation of self on the part of a reporter. It is no longer "*cogito ergo sum*," it is "I am, because the city editor has need of me."

He gave me brief instructions: "You heard Clement's story. You know as much about it as I do, which is nothing. Go to the convent and gain access—that's all. Let me know what you see and hear."

To write up what was termed "convent stuff" was considered to be almost as hard as writing a wooden obituary of a dear friend. I had heard the boys speak of the Convent of the Sacred Cross in many and various ways. The gossip in the local room of a newspaper is generally the very froth of the champagne. While the public is gravely reading a trial, wedding, suicide, or murder, the reporters are discussing the very essence of the news; while the public is being regaled on the husks, the reporters are chuckling over the innermost. The very best news can not be unfolded through the columns of the newspaper—it would spoil in the telling. When a reporter interviews an actor, a senator, or a bishop, the cream of it is retailed in the office, and the gist of the interview never goes further than the local room.

About the Convent of the Sacred Cross I had heard stories from the lips of half drunk reporters and from the brazen inmates of Café Cantante on Royal Street—stories which are better retailed in the places which invented them—but which prepared me for much.

The convent was a solemn looking brick building on one of those peculiar streets of New Orleans, which was as wide as a common, and through whose center feebly pulsated an open ditch or canal, where bad smells and negro babies struggled for the supremacy with organ grinders and garbage carts. It was built on that street so that the nuns and inmates could see daily what a dirty place the world was.

The sun, when it shines on some buildings, makes them cheerful and even festive looking, but the sun which was shedding a yellow lustre over this one only served to emphasize its sullenness. It did not look like a building where God was known. A theater in the day-time is a vacant looking structure; but a convent, behind its high built walls, with its shutters closed, is the solemnest looking thing in a city—next to the picture of the mayor in the city hall.

I went through an iron gate, and a rusty bell rang of its own accord. The bell attached to the gate woke a little nun, who appeared from under the archway of the door like a little figure on a weather indicator. She was in black, except her cap, which was like an inverted paper shovel. She was old and wrinkled like a withered apple. Her one responsibility in life was not to drop a bead in her prayers, and it had not given her face intellectuality.

She disappeared with my card and left me sitting on an uncomfortable chair in the anteroom, which was neither so large as a cell in a precinct station, nor so pretty as a wine-box in a vaudeville theatre.

A space of time elapsed when I heard, with softness, "Mr. Dowell!"

My name seemed to have grown very worthy indeed, so excellently was it pronounced. No visible woman uttered the words. I was still alone with my note-book, and no door opened. With the faintest suggestion of a ripple of laughter came the words, "I am here," still gently and sweetly spoken. Behind the lattice which formed an end of the anteroom, and behind the opaque glass which filled the interspaces, I saw a white figure—just so much of a figure as one might see reflected in water at twilight.

I could not think what to say to such a person as had spoken to me. I saw no one, and I felt as one who talks into a phonograph. When one meets a stranger, the sight of his face and a glance at his eye is a great relief when beginning a conversation. The ineffable weariness and commonplace in the face of every man is never more apparent than at the first meeting, and it makes the talking easier; but here I was talking to a blank wall, behind which my imagination could dimly picture the very purest of beings.

"I am a reporter," I said, "and I have come to see the Sister Superior about a young girl." Never did the falseness of my words so burn my throat before.

"Yes?" was the musical answer from behind the opaque glass. It was an "I-have-my-doubts" sort of a "yes." One learns the expressiveness of "yes" when one hears one end of a telephone conversation. Her "yes" told me that she knew a great many things.

What she said I can not remember, except as one recalls a pleasant dream. Her words were fragrant, and her laugh was light; her influence was soothing. Within the mustiness of the convent, her laugh bore the freshness of a fountain.

She knew what nuns should not know, and that was how to talk. Because she was enduring a living death, she was not afraid to show that she was still alive. She was young, she was beautiful, she was intellectual—these things I knew as one knows that truth is beauty, and beauty, truth.

She interested me in myself, and made me think that what I said was important, which is the crucial test of a woman's ability. There was a splotch of white on one of the diamond panes of opaque glass, where she was resting her elbow against the wall—a very un-nunlike attitude.

I learned that she had taken the novitiatehood on impulse, and had then decided to take the white veil; that there were many nuns in the convent, and that they each had a receiving-day;

that this was her day; that she thought it was going to pass without a caller, as most days did, until I came; that she had never seen a reporter before.

She would see if the Sister Superior desired an audience with me. She left me with "Perhaps I shall see you again," and her laugh as she turned away was the electricity of sweetness.

I was the same as when I entered that narrow ante-chamber, but I felt a new weariness, a new feeling of unrest. When one has been to the theatre, has seen beautiful women, has heard enchanting laughs, and has forgotten one's self in the smiles across the footlights, then when one sees the bare night outside—the same old stars, the same vagueness everywhere—one feels an unrest, a sadness, which, with a fine subtlety, evades the analyst; and so did I feel when the Unseen Nun, with footsteps as light as the spray of the rain, turned away from the lattice and passed down the dusky hall. It was the return to self, the wearying and unchanging I, which fretted my soul. The curtain had fallen on the saddest of tragi-comedies, and the little ante-room was filled with the yellowest of sunset glows, and my head was as blank as my note-book.

Soon the little nun in black, with her short hat and apple-face, again dropped me a courtesy, and I followed her through a side door. Two stairways and as many halls were passed, and I was ushered into the presence of the Sister Superior, who was in the room all draped in black where the Mother Superior had died. She was a homely, quiet old lady, in cream white. I talked with her until she looked at her small watch twice. I was waiting, vaguely, on the bare chance of picking up a clue. Once I heard the shadow of a laugh which, for a moment, filled me with expectation. It came from an adjoining room, where there were voices, murmuring as on the inside of a shell.

I rose to go when I found that what I was after was persistently avoided. I had learned much about the late Mother Superior, but her death and the manner of it was deep in the deepest of all places—the head of a nun.

The greyness of twilight was gathering in the convent. The last words of the Sister Superior were spoken in a barely audible whisper, and the great convent was as quiet as the deepening shadows.

From the next room there rose a sudden clangor of voices, a confused and nervous noise, a jangled and hasty shower of words, which startled us as the sharp clang of fire bells on a still night. From the confusion, there arose a laugh piercing and penetrating, which rang and re-rang through the bare halls, echoing and vibrating.

The good Sister Superior started from her seat with her face blanched to the light blue color of wet ashes. Immediately afterwards the little nun in black appeared in a doorway and courtesied to me without saying a word. Her round apple-face was shriveled up, and her eyes stared out fixedly from under her shovel hat as though they were china ones three sizes too large. The desire was to get me out of the building quickly.

I followed her down the steps and through the hallways, and was ushered into the vague

coolness of the Southern twilight. I filled my lungs with pure, fresh air, and wrapt myself in the deepening glooms of the coming night with a sense of refreshment and relief.

There was plenty to see and hear even in that deserted portion of the city, but I could not rid my ears of the vibrations of that demoniacal laugh. It wound itself into the old and jaded tune that came from a distant street organ; and in the band of red which still glimmered in the west, I saw a deeper color, as of blood.

In the dusk, at one of the corners, I saw a figure leaning against a fence. By the way in which he put his cigarette into his mouth, I knew it was Clement, the police reporter, even before he greeted me with his dry chuckle.

"Well," said he, "you've been in there a long time."

Clement was not as cheerful as he had been earlier in the afternoon, and his chuckle was not so melodious. From which I argued his part of the affair had not turned out very well.

I quickened my pace to keep up with the nervous stride of Clement. Clement was not a restful being; he was always on a strain.

"What did you get?" he asked.

"About a stickful," I answered. Clement had a great contempt for a stickful, just as a Southerner has for a penny—as too small even to mention.

"Did you hear anything?" he said, after a pause.

"Yes," I answered; "I heard something."

Clement nodded and looked fixedly down the street: "Pretty bad, wasn't it?" he murmured; and I did not answer, because I feared he would not understand me.

"Well," said he, finally, "I know how it will turn out—the grand jury will not indict. They are afraid of the Church. Everybody is afraid of good things. I wonder if people love what they are afraid of?"

Clement began to tell what he would do were he a grand juror—it was one of his bad points. "Do you believe there is any mystery in this business?" I wedged in.

"Believe it—I know it. But," with regret, "it will never see the light; it is a convent affair, and they will attend to it in their own way."

I had a vague suspicion—vague as the whiteness of the milky-way—that I had recognized a certain *timbre* in that laugh, which made it so terrible to me, and I thought Clement knew.

"Were you in the convent?" I ventured.

Clement smiled with satisfaction, as I could barely see by the glowing of his cigarette tip, which lifted the deepening gloom about his face.

"How did you get in there?" I asked.

Again Clement chuckled, and he put up an impenetrable front, saying: "You might some day be on a rival paper."

At the office that night we were told that our material would not be used, as reliable information had been received that the grand jury would not indict.

In the shifting scenes of the next two weeks there was no time to discuss the investigation of the convent mystery with Clement or anyone else.

I was occupied with many things, but my afternoon down there was ever recurring to my mind. That nun's personality seemed to grow richer daily. Her words grew sweeter, and her laugh more liquid, and my imagination reared the vision and fabric of a pure and lovely woman; but try to avoid it as I might, that ghostly laugh, that vacant merriment, which rung through the dusky convent, weaved itself into my pictures of that nun, palimpsest-like.

I hunted up details which would carry me to the convent again, and I made a minute calculation as to the time of her next receiving day. My city editor was puzzled by the amount of church and convent news that I brought in, and begged me to direct my zeal into other channels.

Once, not many weeks afterwards, Clement and I were eating a late supper at Tony's, and he was voluble. Story after story followed, as steam wreaths off a boiling kettle. In his crisp, sketchy way, he was delving deep into past mysteries and experience.

"Clem," said I, "did anything ever come of that convent story?"

"There is a concluding chapter," he answered, "but," pausing to stir his coffee, "but it isn't in my power, in fact—well, you'd better have some of this fish. It's far more healthy for you." And Clement's volubility ceased—some cold water had been poured into his kettle.

Several months later, I spent three days at the State Insane Asylum, about which there is another story. I was traveling as a deputy sheriff under an assumed name. There were certain abuses which the paper wished to know about, and I was rummaging about in that warren of misfit humanity.

With the superintendent, who was very suspicious of me, I was passing through the women's ward—he at my coat tail, like Mephistopheles after Faust—and I drifted among the refractory cells. The superintendent was glibly pointing out their necessity and advantages, when I heard as softly as a snowflake drifts:

"Mr. Dowell!"

My very soul vibrated, as I turned and saw two strange eyes peeping at me through a crevice. Then followed a low, harsh laugh, the very ghost of a sweet one I had heard.

The superintendent clutched my arm and dragged me from the ward in a perfect frenzy of impatience, and the laugh rose higher and harsher, until six devils must have been laughing with her—a very torrent of shrill, diabolical merriment, which filled and rattled through those bare halls. Not until three doors had closed behind us on that horrible laugh did I find opportunity to ask, "Who is it?" to which the still excited superintendent answered, brokenly, that she was a special pay patient. Even at that distance we caught the echoes of a rising burst of that hollow laughter.

"Ah, that woman, that woman!" exclaimed the superintendent, stopping his ears with his white and tapering fingers. "We shall have trouble today. When that woman laughs, the other

patients grow restless and the bad ones break out—listen!" said he; and over the building there seemed to sweep an unerring wave, doors opened and shut, there was a sound of shuffling footsteps, and moans, cries and laughs, in a minor key, across from the building, as though a great and vast trouble were brooding.

My heart was aching, and I dared not let my mind follow its own conclusions. A terrible shadow lurked in what I saw.

For several days the world seemed weighted and very yellow, and my heart and mind were haunted with the shadow I had seen.

What it all meant I cannot pretend to say; some night I shall make Clement drunk and get him to tell me the whole story.



As the huge ocean rollers rise and dash,
And bursting crash
With plunge of thunder on the silent shore,
And the eternal sea
Doth ceaselessly
Send endless others rolling o'er and o'er:
As on the coast lines all
Long surges fall,
Whether rough storm-waves or smooth ocean swell:
So men's lives rise each day
Afar away,
Sweep on cloud-shadowed, rushing wild and well,
And burst upon the shore of death—for we
Are parts of God as waves are of the sea.



III

This fair creature psychologic,
Wears her clothing anagogic,
But in demonstrating it-ness
They will always have a fitness;
For her form is transcendental
And she is not sentimental.
Realizing the potential,
She is always differential.
Apperception and cognition
Coëxtend with her volition
And inhibit fallacy.

Meta-Physics

I

In the regions of the mystic
Enigmatic, cabalistic,
Where the striges hoot and shiver
O'er a swampy, muddy river;
And a sombre adumbration
Negatives illumination,
Obfuscating mental vision
With chaotic indecision;
Dwells a maiden celebrated,
Adolescent, antiquated,
Whom the thoughtful think they know.

II

They would term her Meta-Physics,
But her cognomen is "Isics,"
For the thing-ness of the is-ness
Constitutes her life-long business,
And the here-ness of her where-ness
More intensifies her dearness.
While the which-ness of her what-ness
Clearly contradicts her not-ness,
For no somewhat can be othered,
Lest identity be smothered
And existence cease to be.

IV

When her being senses panics
For assurance, comes Mechanics.
And, 't is motioned by the sages,
Yea, 't was handed down the ages,
That sometime within the when-ness
Of the now-ness or the then-ness,
Thro' identical causation
And primigenous relation,
Shall result a coalescence
Culminating in quintessence,
Which is privative of doubt.

Nocturne

IT was at the Read House, Chattanooga, on the way back from Virginia. The time was late, and most of the team were dreaming of Sewanee and hash,—all but three individuals, who had a room together on the top floor, to be nearer heaven, they said. The room was scantily furnished, like all Chattanooga hotels, but that mattered not to the three, since they seemed disposed to use only the chairs, neither the bed nor the washstand. A small table in the centre would have been useless, but for its service as a stand for a few bottles of Schlitz's design.

Of the six bottles in sight, three were lying on their sides, as if deprived of all their spirits. Through the clouds of smoke it was impossible to distinguish the three faces, but the husky voices might have come from B—, C—, and R—. Save for the puff! puff! puff! of the smokers, there was a minute of silence. "Say, fellers, did you ever hear of that great catch I made in '90, before I came to Sewanee?" A close observer might have seen a spasm cross the faces of the listeners. "No? Well, then, I'll tell you about it. The Swaybacks were playing the Hardtobeats that year for the championship of Oklahoma. I was playing left field for the former. The score was even, and it was the end of the ninth inning, with the Hardtobeats at the bat. The bases were full, and there were two men out.

"The excitement was boiling hot; the crowd, consisting of Reservation Indians, stakers and razor-back hogs, was wild. The batter had three balls and two strikes; everything depended upon the next ball. Bang!—and the ball sailed into the clouds over in my field. I saw at once that mortal man on legs couldn't reach it; without a moment's delay, I rushed to a horse browsing near by, leaped on its back, and away we flew like the wind.

"Meanwhile, I had lost sight of the ball, but scanning the ether, soon noticed a speck half a mile or so to the left. Setting spurs—that's so, I didn't have spurs on, did I? Well, let that pass—I rode forward at an angle of thirty-nine degrees, which I calculated would bring me right under the ball. Sure enough, one mile away I caught up with it; a quarter of a mile further on it began to drop, and at the next town I caught it just as it was about to hit a baby in the arms of its nurse."

Puff! puff!—smoke, from which issues a deep bass voice: "It was in '88 that I played against the Heavyhitters, of Winchester. It was on George's birthday, and the game was being

played before a big Fourth of July crowd at the fair. In the ninth inning, the score stood 41 to 41; the Winchesters went out one, two, three. Our first two men struck out, and I was the next batter. Oh, my! How I quivered as I faced the pitcher. 'One strike! two strikes!' I was desperate. The next ball came toward me like a shot; I struck at it blindly. My bat met something, and away the ball went. Around the bases I rushed. In despair the fielders chased the ball, for it was soon lost to sight.

"On I came; I had almost reached home, when, holy smoke! the ball dropped into the catcher's hands, and I was out. What did you say? Come off! Upon my honor as a "Med." it's true, boys.

"How? Why, it seems that some patriotic citizens two miles away were firing a cannon. At 5.55 P.M., a shot was fired, and at that identical moment the ball left my bat. One mile off they met; the momentum of the baseball counterbalanced the weight of the shot, and the result—the latter went straight back into the cannon's mouth, and the former rebounded into the catcher's hands."

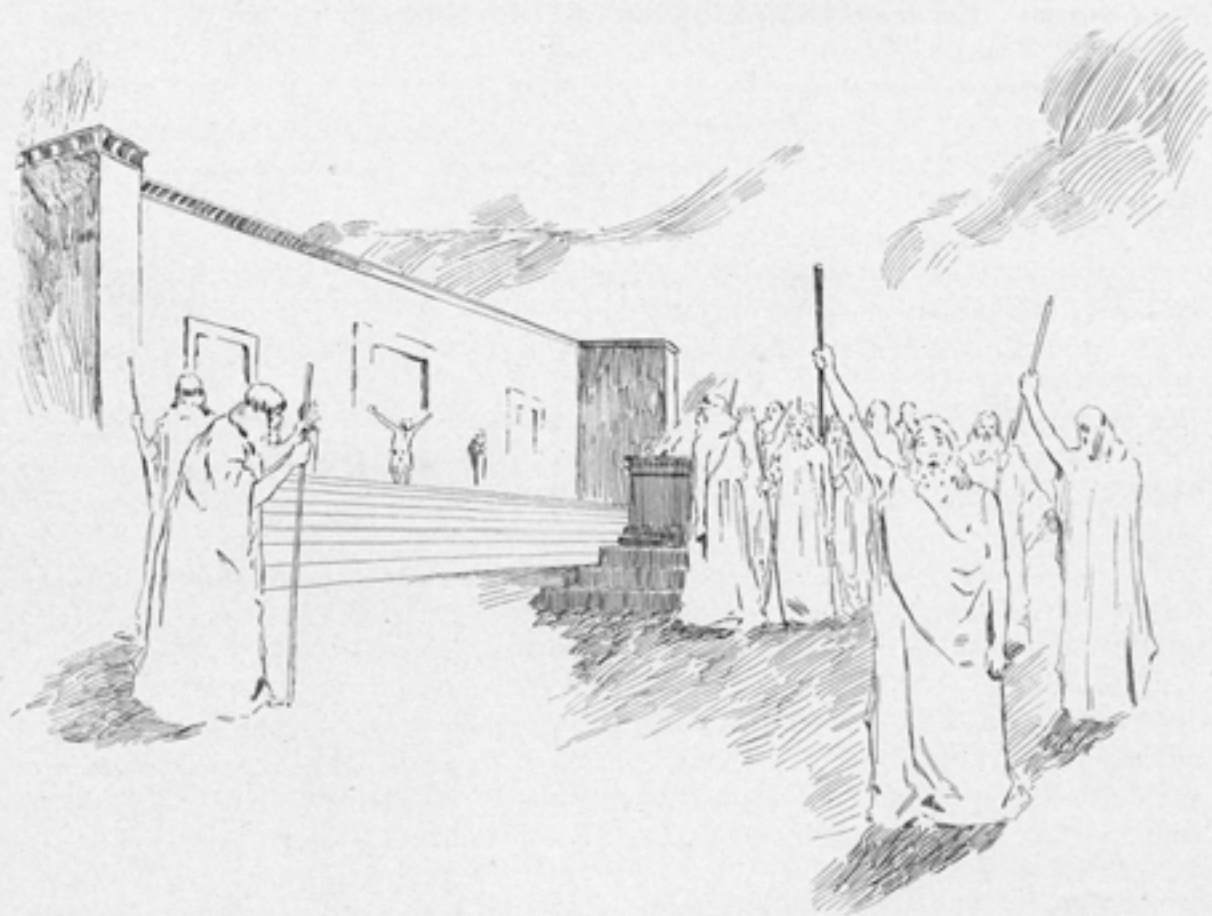
Puff! puff! puff!—silence.

"Yes, fellows, those were great plays, but I did a thing 'that—ahem!—few men can do.' Those were my palmiest days of pitching. Next to a Waterbury watch-spring, I had the greatest curve in existence.

"Once—pardon the digression—I remember playing without a catcher at all by making the balls curve around the batsmen and return. But to resume. It was in '91; we were playing the Tullahomas, and on their team there was the heaviest and surest batter in America—in Tullahoma, I mean—No, America, that's right.

"Well, I swore that I would fan him or break something. It was at a crisis of the game, with two men on bases, and this heavy hitter at the bat. I got two strikes, but could I get the third? Grasping the sphere in my long and powerful fingers, I let it go. Well, sirs, you may not believe me, but that ball began to encircle the batsman with such velocity that it looked as if a halo were around him.

"Three minutes later the catcher—for the batter fainted of vertigo—picked up a heap of string, and, what do you think? That ball had twirled so many times that it had actually unwrapped itself. Say, see here, what's the matter, boys?" as two lifeless corpses fell to the floor with a dull thud. "Can't you stand one bottle of beer?" and in blissful ignorance—honest soul—he opened another bottle.

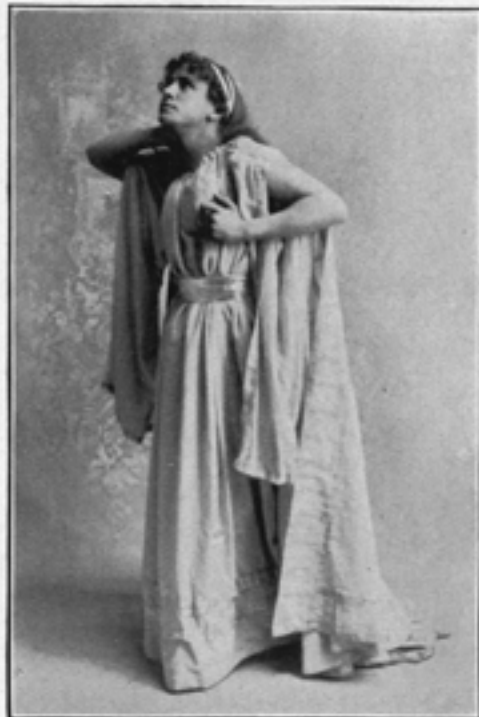


The Antigone at Sewanee

"But be his
My special thanks, whose even balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child."

The character that Matthew Arnold has given of Sophocles in the above lines comes very near that which Sewanee has always desired to be known for. She has aspired to the "even balanced soul," she has eschewed the wilder passions, and business has certainly never made her dull. But while she has endeavored to see life steadily, and see it whole, she has remembered that no man or institution can stand still for long without paying the penalty of stagnation or gradual decay. Hence, in her pursuit of culture, she has never lost sight of the element of progress. "Progress in Poverty" is the title of her unpublished answer to the theories of Henry George and other latter day enthusiasts—that is, Progress in spite of Poverty; Progress through a Faith grounded upon Past Experience and Present Necessities.

Now in no way has Sewanee's progressive spirit been better shown than in her presentation for several years of the masterpieces of Greek tragedy and comedy. Such presentations show a progressiveness of spirit remarkable not only for the South, but for America; they show, too, a reliance upon the culture of the past and a sense of our present need to keep the ideal always before our eyes. In rendering these Greek masterpieces, no expense, save that of money, has been spared, and as is usually the case in the presence of zeal and devotion, the lack of money has scarcely been felt. Already the *Œdipus Rex*, the *Frogs*, the *Alkestis*, and the *Antigone* have been given, and this year the greatest of the





Œdipean tragedies is to be repeated. For all that has been accomplished in this department of her culture Sewanee owes, of course, most thanks to her present Vice Chancellor who, in his capacity as Professor of Ancient Languages, has directed every performance with a zeal, a scholarship, and an aptitude for practical details that could not have been surpassed. She owes much also to the enthusiasm with which her students, especially those of the Greek School, have supplemented the labors of Vice Chancellor Wiggins; and she owes not a little to the intelligent sympathy and appreciation of the large audiences, composed for the most part of visitors from a distance, who have assisted at every performance. But our immediate concern is with the *Antigone*.

This noble tragedy of Sophocles was presented at Sewanee on the evenings of July

28 and 31, 1894. With some slight changes in the cast and chorus it was presented October 26 and 27, at Nashville, for the benefit of a local charity. Each representation elicited not merely conventional applause but genuine enthusiasm. People who could not pronounce the heroine's name properly sat watching spellbound as the coils of an implacable fate were wound around about her. They were aided, of course, by the fact that the dialogues were rendered in English, but they would have been moved by the action under any circumstances. They were taught, what many of them who, like the present writer, had read the *Antigone* several times, had never





fully appreciated, that a play is not known until it has been seen on the stage. This truth has been borne home to us twice especially—once when we saw the Sewanee students act the *Antigone*, and once when we saw Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt act Racine's *Phidre* at her own theater in Paris. If we were not prepared after these two performances to protest against the crowd and bustle of the Elizabethan stage, we were at least prepared to confess that there are two great varieties of tragic drama, each of which is eminently successful in purging us of pity and fear. We felt ourselves catholic enough to admire at one time Sophocles, Shakspeare and Racine.

This is not the place to describe so well known a play as the *Antigone*, or to discourse on the beautiful music composed for it by Mendelssohn. As a play for modern spectators it strikes us as inferior to the *Alkestis*, in that it is so peculiarly Greek in certain phases of its main underlying conception. Great as it is, it has not the rounded perfection of the *Edipus Rex*, nor has it the intense human spirit, if we may so speak, that pulses through the *Philoktetes*, a drama which, by the way, we should like to see on the Sewanee boards some day.

But in dialogue and in chorus alike it is a noble play, and in the hands of our Sewanee students, although the accessories of tragic buskin and resonant mask were absent, it lost little of its nobility. We give the cast below, and if we bestow the palm for acting upon Mr. Memminger for his double rôle of Antigone and Haimon during the second series of performances, and mention most favorably Mr. Burford as Kreon, and Mr. Spears as Teiresias, we feel that no one will accuse us of unjust discrimination.

Characters

	Antigone	A. Boucher.
Ismene	R. W. B. Elliott.	Teiresias
Kreon	S. Burford.	Messenger
Guard	G. L. Tucker.	Eurydike
Haimon	W. W. Memminger.	Second Messenger
		H. E. Spears.
		C. B. K. Weed.
		R. W. Hogue.
		F. H. Harding.

Mute Characters

G. Shepherd,
J. C. Shepherd,
J. A. Chapin.

N. Joyner,
P. Tucker,
T. P. Noë,
A. R. Young.

F. H. Craighill,
H. J. Mikell,
R. Selden.

Chorus

S. S. Maclean, *Koryphaia*.

S. C. Beckwith,
W. B. Nauts,
R. Benedict,
J. C. Morris,
R. F. McMillan,
T. T. Walsh.

F. H. Burrell,
W. W. Jones,
S. D. Wilcox,
S. A. Wragg,
O. N. Torian.

H. Chambliss,
F. E. Farrar,
D. H. Hamilton,
J. M. Morris,
R. S. Huse,
P. Berghaus.

In the Nashville presentation, W. W. Memminger appeared in the double rôle of Antigone and Haimon, and R. W. Hogue as Ismene and Eurydike.





Sewanee Athletic Association



Officers 1894-95

A. G. BLACKLOCK, *President.*

M. G. JOHNSTON, *Vice-President.*

F. G. HEBBARD, *Secretary.*

W. C. ROBERTSON, *Treasurer.*



Executive Committee

PROF. B. L. WIGGINS,

R. F. McMILLAN,

PROF. W. P. TRENT,

J. C. MORRIS,

PROF. W. B. HALL,

J. D. WARREN,

RICHARD HOBBS, JR.



University Tennis Club

W. B. NAUTS *President.*

M. G. JOHNSTON . *Secretary and Treasurer.*



St. Luke's Tennis Club

S. A. WRAGG *President.*

W. D. MATTHEWS *Vice President.*

R. K. SMITH *Secretary and Treasurer.*

TRACK ATHLETICS

Team of 1895

J. EDW. MILES . . . *Manager.*

R. S. RUST, JR. . . . *Captain.*

J. A. SELDEN,

A. G. BLACKLOCK,

P. L. STACKER,

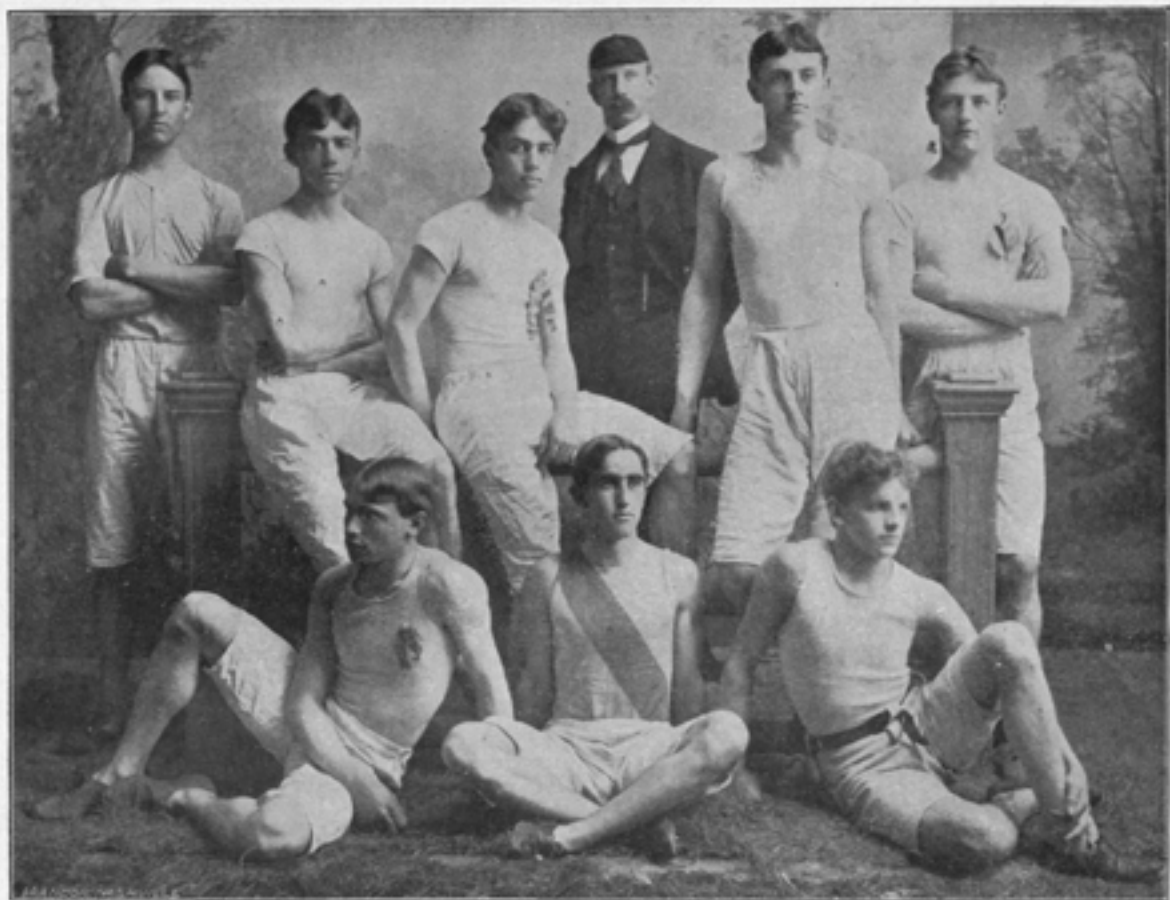
F. W. VAN NESS,

J. M. SELDEN,

L. H. COLMORE,

F. H. CRAIGHILL.





JUN, PHOTO

TRACK TEAM

VAN NESS

BLACKLOCK
RUST

J. M. SELDEN

MILES
J. A. SELDEN

STACKER

COLMORE
CRAIGHILL

Annual Field Day of the Sewanee Athletic Association

At Hardee Park, June 1, 1895



Officers of the Day

J. EDW. MILES	<i>Referee.</i>
F. G. HEBBARD	<i>Clerk of the Course.</i>
M. G. JOHNSTON	<i>Starter.</i>

Judges and Measurers

PROF. B. L. WIGGINS,	J. CRAIK MORRIS,
PROF. W. P. TRENT,	R. K. SMITH,
F. G. HEBBARD.	A. R. YOUNG.

Timers

J. S. RAINE, Jr.	W. W. JONES.	J. EDW. MILES.
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Scorer

C. S. WOOD.

<i>Event</i>	<i>Winner</i>	<i>Record</i>
Running High Jump	A. G. BLACKLOCK	5 ft. 5 in.
One Hundred Yards Dash	J. A. SELDEN	10¼ s.
Eight Hundred and Eighty Yards Run	F. W. VAN NESS	2 m. 10¼ s.
Running Broad Jump	J. A. SELDEN	18 ft. 6 in.
Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash	A. G. BLACKLOCK	24½ s.
Putting 16-pound Shot	L. H. COLMORE	35 ft. 2½ in.
Four Hundred and Forty Yards Dash	F. W. VAN NESS	56¼ s.
Throwing 16-pound Hammer	P. L. STACKER	106 ft. 11½ in.
One Mile Run	F. W. VAN NESS	5 m. 31½ s.

A. G. BLACKLOCK, best all round Athlete, 16 points.

Best Sewanee Records

<i>Event</i>	<i>Holder</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Record</i>
One Hundred Yards Dash	J. A. SELDEN	1895 . .	10 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.
Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash	D. B. STANTON	1891 . .	24 s.
Four Hundred and Forty Yards Dash	F. A. RUTH	1894 . .	52 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.
Eight Hundred and Eighty Yards Run	F. W. VAN NESS	1895 . .	2 m. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.
One Mile Run	J. M. SELDEN	1894 . .	5 m. 5 s.
One Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle.	G. GOLDTHWAITE	1893 . .	17 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.
Running High Jump	A. G. BLACKLOCK	1895 . .	5 ft. 5 in.
Running Broad Jump	R. S. RUST, JR.	1894 . .	20 ft. 3 in.
Putting 16-pound Shot	L. H. COLMORE	1895 . .	35 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Throwing 16-pound Hammer	P. L. STACKER	1895 . .	106 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Pole Vault	{ G. GOLDTHWAITE C. HASKELL }	1893 . .	10 ft.

Eleventh Annual Field Day

Of the Vanderbilt University Athletic Association, May 17, 1895



<i>Event</i>	<i>Winner</i>	<i>Record</i>
One Hundred Yards Dash	J. A. SELDEN, Sewanee	10½ s.
Putting 16-pound Shot	W. M. CRUTCHFIELD, Vanderbilt	35 ft. 9½ in.
Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash	C. EUSTIS, Tulane	23¾ s.
Throwing 16-pound Hammer	J. P. SULLIVAN, Tulane	109 ft. 4½ in.
One Mile Run	H. L. MITCHELL, S. W. P. U.	5 m. 5¾ s.
Running High Jump	W. N. DAVIS, Vanderbilt	5 ft. 5⅓ in.
Four Hundred and Forty Yards Dash	T. L. McFADDEN, S. W. P. U.	54½ s.
Standing Broad Jump	W. P. CONNELL, Vanderbilt	9 ft. 10¾ in.
Pole Vault	A. G. BLACKLOCK, Sewanee	9 ft.
Running Broad Jump	R. S. RUST, Jr., Sewanee	20 ft. 9¼ in.
Half-mile Run	F. W. VAN NESS, Sewanee	2 m. 12½ s.
One Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle	M. D. BALAND, Vanderbilt	19 s.
Throwing Base Ball*	T. W. DAVIS, Vanderbilt	108 yds. 7 in.

Summary

<i>Colleges</i>	<i>Firsts</i>	<i>Seconds</i>	<i>Thirds</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>No. Points Scored</i>
VANDERBILT	4	3	8	1	39
SEWANEE	4	2	0	2	26
TULANE	2	3	1	3	20
S. W. P. U.	2	2	1	4	17
CUMBERLAND	0	1	1	5	6

Vanderbilt and Cumberland each given two points on Pole Vault.

* No points counted for this event, as it was an afterthought.

Records

Intercollegiate Association of the Amateur Athletes of America

22

<i>Event</i>	<i>Winner</i>	<i>Record</i>
One Hundred Yards Dash	L. H. CARY, Princeton	10 s.
Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash	L. H. CARY, Princeton	21½ s.
One Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle	H. L. WILLIAMS, Yale	15½ s.
Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle	J. L. BREMER, JR., Harvard	24½ s.
Four Hundred and Forty Yards Dash	G. B. SHATTUCK, Amherst	49½ s.
One Mile Walk	F. C. THRALL, Yale	7 min. 3½ s.
Half Mile Run	W. C. DOHM, Princeton	1 m. 57½ s.
One Mile Run	G. W. ORTON, U. of Penn.	4 m. 23½ s.
Two-Mile Bicycle Race	R. H. DAVIS, Harvard	6 m. ½ s.
Putting 16-Pound Shot	W. O. HICKOK, Yale	42 ft. 11½ in.
Throwing 16-Pound Hammer	W. O. HICKOK, Yale	135 ft. 7½ in.
Pole Vault	{ C. F. BUCHOLTZ, U. of Penn. } { W. W. HOYT, Harvard }	11 ft. 2¾ in.
Running Broad Jump	VICTOR MAPES, Columbia	22 ft. 11¼ in.
Running High Jump	C. R. FEARING, Harvard	6 ft.



THE TUNNEL.
UNDER THE DOMAIN OF THE UNIVERSITY





FOOT BALL TEAM

TUCKER	TANNER	HALL	WILLIAMS	COLMORE	WHITAKER	OWENS
DREW	G. SHEPHERD	DOWDALL	JOHNSON	C. SHEPHERD	KIRBY-SMITH	BROWN
MCKEAGE		BLACKLOCK	RAINE	RUST		JOHNSTON

FOOT BALL



1894

W. B. HALL, *Manager*.
SPRUILLE BURFORD, *Assistant Manager*.
A. G. BLACKLOCK, *Captain*.
H. C. FOSS (Tuft's),
H. L. WILLIAMS (Yale), } *Coaches*.

Eleven

J. W. C. JOHNSON, *Center*.

J. C. SHEPHERD, <i>Left Guard</i> .	P. M. D. DOWDALL, <i>Right Guard</i> .
W. S. KIRBY-SMITH, <i>Left Tackle</i> .	GRANT SHEPHERD, <i>Right Tackle</i> .
W. G. BROWN, <i>Left End</i> .	H. R. DREW, <i>Right End</i> .
A. G. BLACKLOCK, <i>Quarter Back</i> .	R. S. RUST, JR., <i>Left Half Back</i> .
H. R. McKEAGE,	J. S. RAINE, JR., <i>Full Back</i> .
M. G. JOHNSTON,	

Substitutes

G. L. TUCKER,	J. S. TANNER,	L. H. COLMORE,
H. M. WHITAKER,	R. W. OWENS,	



SECOND ELEVEN

J. L. HEBBARD	HODGSON	G. L. TUCKER	STACKER	FINCKNEY	
HOGUE		CRANK	P. TUCKER	REEVE	WOODWARD
	DARNEY		CRAIGHILL	PERCY BROWN	J. A. SELDEN

Second Eleven

C. C. PINCKNEY, *Manager.*

F. G. HEBBARD, *Assistant Manager.*

M. A. REEVE, *Captain.*



Eleven

PRENTISS TUCKER, *Center.*

J. M. CRANK, *Left Guard.*

G. L. TUCKER, *Right Guard.*

A. H. WOODWARD, *Left Tackle.*

M. A. REEVE, *Right Tackle.*

H. M. WHITAKER, *Left End.*

WARD DABNEY, *Right End.*

J. A. SELDEN, *Quarter Back.*

P. L. STACKER, *Left Half Back.*

G. W. HODGSON, *Right Half Back.*

F. H. CRAIGHILL, *Full Back.*



Substitutes

R. W. HOGUE,

E. V. STEVENSON,

PERCY BROWN.

A. H. DAVIS.

Foot Ball Records



1891

F. E. SHOUP, MANAGER.

A. R. SHEPHERD, JR., CAPTAIN.

Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt	<i>Sewanee</i>	0—22
Sewanee vs. Tennessee	<i>Chattanooga</i>	26—0
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt	<i>Nashville</i>	4—26

1892

J. B. WILDER, MANAGER.

A. R. SHEPHERD, JR., CAPTAIN.

Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, October 15	<i>Sewanee</i>	22—4
Sewanee vs. Tennessee, October 21	<i>Sewanee</i>	54—0
Sewanee vs. Virginia, October 29	<i>Richmond</i>	0—30
Sewanee vs. Washington and Lee, October 31,	<i>Lexington</i>	22—16
Sewanee vs. Tennessee, November 2	<i>Knoxville</i>	10—0
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, November 12	<i>Nashville</i>	28—14
Sewanee vs. L. A. C., November 24	<i>Louisville</i>	6—6

1893

F. L. COYLE, MANAGER.

A. R. SHEPHERD, JR., CAPTAIN.

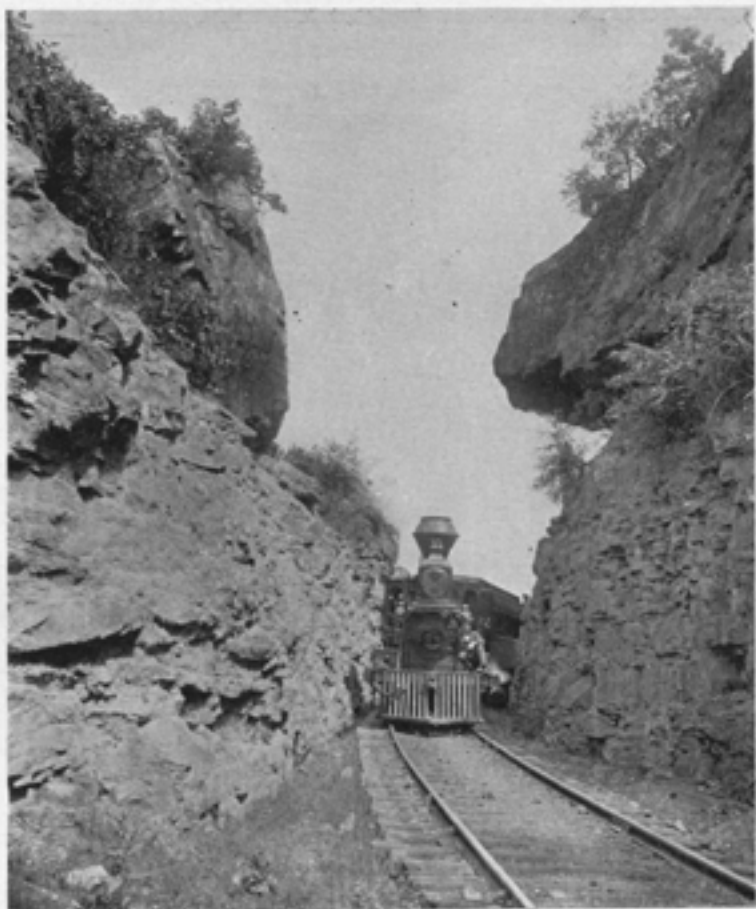
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, October 28	<i>Sewanee</i>	8—10
Sewanee vs. L. A. C., November 6	<i>Louisville</i>	10—12
Sewanee vs. Alabama, November 11	<i>Birmingham</i>	20—0
Sewanee vs. B. A. C., November 13	<i>Birmingham</i>	32—0
Sewanee vs. Auburn, November 18	<i>Atlanta</i>	16—14
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, November 30	<i>Nashville</i>	0—10

1894

W. B. HALL, MANAGER.

A. G. BLACKLOCK, CAPTAIN.

Sewanee vs. North Carolina, October 27	<i>Asheville</i>	4—36
Sewanee vs. Georgia, October 29	<i>Athens</i>	12—8
Sewanee vs. Nashville, November 10	<i>Sewanee</i>	30—4
Sewanee vs. Alabama, November 15	<i>Birmingham</i>	4—24
Sewanee vs. Tulane, November 17	<i>New Orleans</i>	12—6
Sewanee vs. S. A. C., November 19	<i>New Orleans</i>	10—18
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, November 29	<i>Nashville</i>	0—12



SLOPE WALL.



JUDG, PHOTO

BASEBALL TEAM

GREEN	SMITH	RAINE	WOODWARD	AYDELOTTE	SEIBELS
HEBBARD	LANE	"EPH"	STEVENSON	J. A. SELDEN	BLACKLOCK
REEVE	J. M. SELDEN	RUEF			



Base Ball, 1895

A. H. WOODWARD, *Manager.*

J. S. RAINE, JR., *Captain.*

Team

JOHN RUEF, *Catcher.*

E. V. STEVENSON, *Short Stop and Pitcher.*

J. M. SELDEN, *Pitcher and Short Stop.*

J. A. SELDEN, *Center Field.*

M. A. REEVE, *First Base.*

J. S. RAINE, JR., *Left Field.*

A. G. BLACKLOCK, *Second Base.*

C. M. LANE, *Right Field.*

GEORGE AYDELOTTE, *Third Base.*

Substitutes

W. M. GREEN, JR.

R. K. SMITH.

H. G. SEIBELS.

Base Ball Records

1892

E. A. QUINTARD, *Manager.*

Sewanee vs. N. A. C., May 21, Nashville	2—12
Sewanee vs. N. A. C., June 6, Sewanee	4—1
Sewanee vs. N. A. C., June 7, Sewanee	3—6
Sewanee vs. Winchester, June 11, Sewanee	32—0
Sewanee vs. Tennessee, June 13, Sewanee	34—4
Sewanee vs. Tennessee, June 14, Sewanee	6—5

W. D. CLEVELAND, *Captain.*

Sewanee vs. Alabama, July 1, Birmingham	3—6
Sewanee vs. N. A. C., July 2, Nashville	5—11
Sewanee vs. Montegle, August 12, Sewanee	6—6
Sewanee vs. N. A. C., August 21, Sewanee	6—5
Sewanee vs. Union City, August 31, Sewanee	9—6

1893

J. B. WILDER, *Manager.*

Sewanee vs. Alabama, April 24, Sewanee	4—8
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, April 28, Nashville	1—0
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, April 29, Nashville	1—3
Sewanee vs. Alabama, May 3, Birmingham	10—0

W. G. BROWN, *Captain.*

Sewanee vs. Alabama, May 4, Birmingham	5—0
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, May 8, Sewanee	12—8
Sewanee vs. Virginia, May 17, Lynchburg	5—13
Sewanee vs. Chatta. Amateurs, May 19, Chatta.	5—2

1894

A. E. GREENE, *Manager.*

Sewanee vs. Tennessee, April 17, Sewanee	5—2
Sewanee vs. Cumberland, April 28, Sewanee	10—0
Sewanee vs. N. A. C., May 5, Sewanee	4—6
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, May 11, Nashville	7—1
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, May 12	*9—0
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, May 13	*9—0
Sewanee vs. N. A. C., May 16, Sewanee	6—7

H. T. SOAPER, *Captain.*

Sewanee vs. N. A. C., June 7, Nashville	10—10
Sewanee vs. N. A. C., June 8, Nashville	7—6
Sewanee vs. L. A. C., June 9, Louisville	4—3
Sewanee vs. N. A. C., June 11, Nashville	5—6
Sewanee vs. Deppens, June 14, Sewanee	7—4
Sewanee vs. Alabama, June 19, Tuscaloosa	3—4
Sewanee vs. Alabama, June 20, Tuscaloosa	7—5

1895

A. H. WOODWARD, *Manager.*

Sewanee vs. N. A. C., April 20, Sewanee	2—4
Sewanee vs. Tullahoma, April 27, Sewanee	4—0
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, May 4, Sewanee	8—12
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, May 10, Nashville	5—6
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt, May 11, Nashville	9—6
Sewanee vs. Georgia, May 18, Atlanta	2—12

J. S. RAINE, JR., *Captain.*

Sewanee vs. Georgia, May 20, Athens	15—22
Sewanee vs. N. A. C., May 25, Sewanee	5—6
Sewanee vs. Tuscaloosa, June 18, Tuscaloosa	6—5
Sewanee vs. Tuscaloosa, June 20, Tuscaloosa	5—12
Sewanee vs. Tuscaloosa, June 20, Birmingham	3—7

* Both games by default to Sewanee.



Officers, 1895

M. G. JOHNSTON	President.
F. G. HEBBARD	Vice President.
P. L. STACKER	Secretary and Treasurer.



Teams Composing League

St. Lukes (Champions 1895)

M. G. JOHNSTON	Manager.
W. D. MATTHEWS	Captain.
L. G. H. WILLIAMS, <i>Pitcher.</i>	J. W. C. JOHNSON, <i>Third Base.</i>
W. D. MATTHEWS, } <i>Catchers.</i>	S. A. WRAGG, <i>Short Stop.</i>
R. K. SMITH, }	W. F. LOVELESS, <i>Left Field.</i>
R. W. HOGUE, <i>First Base.</i>	M. G. JOHNSTON, } <i>Center Fielders.</i>
G. L. TUCKER, <i>Second Base.</i>	F. W. AMBLER, }
W. C. ROBERTSON, <i>Right Field.</i>	
J. H. BROWN, JOHN BEEAN, <i>Substitutes.</i>	

The Tremlett Sunflowers

F. G. HEBBARD	<i>Manager.</i>
C. C. PINCKNEY	<i>Captain.</i>
A. H. DAVIS, } G. H. GLASS, }	<i>Pitchers.</i>
A. H. WOODWARD, } J. E. MILES, }	<i>Catchers and Short Stops.</i>
O. N. TORIAN, First Base.	
W. W. JONES, Second Base.	
K. M. DOUGLAS, Third Base.	
WM. HENDERSON, Jr., Left Field.	
A. R. YOUNG, } G. H. GLASS, }	<i>Center Fielders.</i>
C. C. PINCKNEY, Right Field.	
W. P. DONALSON, Substitute.	

The "Devils"

RICHARD HOBBS, Jr.	<i>Manager.</i>
W. S. KIRBY-SMITH	<i>Captain.</i>
W. S. KIRBY-SMITH, Pitcher.	
E. E. COBBS, Catcher.	
C. GALLEHER, First Base.	
V. L. TERRELL, Second Base.	
R. M. KIRBY-SMITH, Right Field.	
W. B. WESTCOTT, Third Base.	
R. S. RUST, Jr., Short Stop.	
G. A. HOGSETT, Left Field.	
R. F. McMILLAN, Center Field.	
R. HOBBS, Jr., W. H. HURTER, A. A. MOORE, Jr.,	<i>Substitutes.</i>

South Side

F. T. CONSTANT	<i>Manager.</i>
S. WILSON	<i>Captain.</i>
J. S. TANNER, Pitcher.	
W. M. GREEN, Jr., Catcher.	
W. P. PETTIT, First Base.	
S. WILSON, Second Base.	
H. R. McKEAGE, Third Base.	
D. C. GREEN, Short Stop.	
C. S. PARTRIDGE, Left Field.	
F. W. AMBLER, Center Field.	
W. C. PICKENS, Right Field.	
F. T. CONSTANT, Substitute.	

East Side

P. L. STACKER *Manager.*
EDWARD WICKS *Captain.*

E. WICKS, *Pitcher.*

A. A. FISHER, *Third Base.*

P. L. STACKER, *Catcher.*

J. M. CRANK, *Short Stop.*

S. B. SMITH, *First Base.*

R. BENEDICT, *Left Field.*

S. D. MANGUM, *Second Base.*

L. S. MERSHON, *Center Field.*

G. VAN NESS, *Right Field.*



Games Played

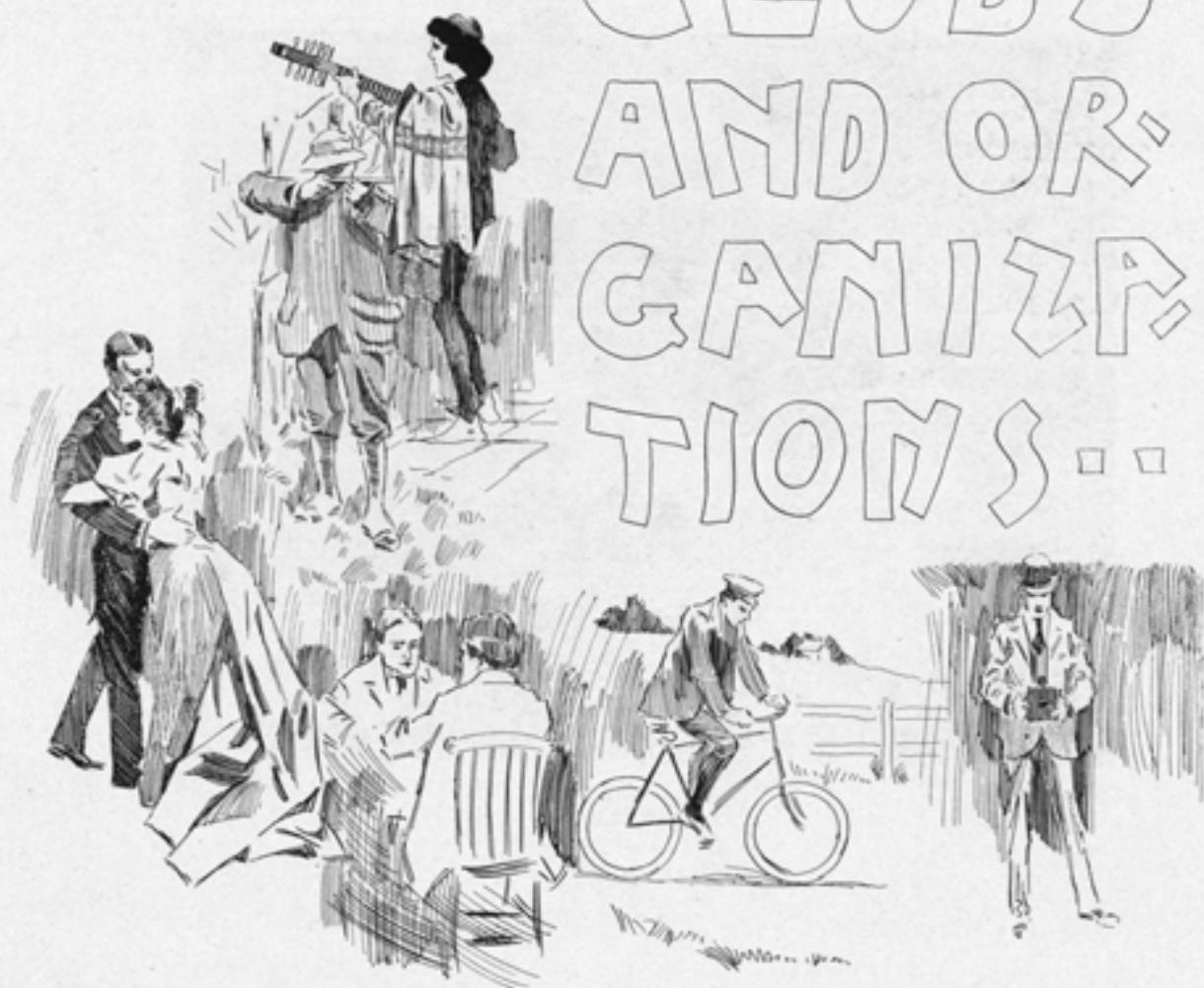
May 15, St. Luke's vs. Devils	14—9	June 11, Sunflowers vs. Devils	24—2
May 19, Sunflowers vs. East Side	24—5	June 15, St. Luke's vs. Sunflowers	12—8
May 22, Devils vs. South Side	31—12	East Side vs. South Side	Called off.
May 27, Sunflowers vs. South Side	18—3	June 18, Devils vs. East Side	7—12
June 10, St. Luke's vs. South Side	25—4	June 22, St. Luke's vs. East Side	12—5





KA-MA-HA CASCADE

CLUBS AND OR- GANIZA- TIONS..



College Choir



JAMES CRAIK MORRIS

Choir Master and Organist.

Sopranos

MILTON BACON,
B. W. BARNWELL,
P. S. BROOKS, JR.
R. M. BROOKS,
EPHRAIM KIRBY-SMITH,
M. P. DuBOSE,
R. McP. COLMORE,
G. P. EGLESTON,
B. P. JOHNSON.

J. L. KIRBY-SMITH,
R. E. LEE,
R. T. PATTON,
R. F. SELDEN,
J. M. SELDEN,
H. H. SMITH,
F. L. WELLS,
E. R. WAINWRIGHT.

Contraltos

G. C. EDWARDS.

J. B. ELAM.

J. G. McW. FORD.

Tenors

S. C. BECKWITH,
A. H. DAVIS,
W. W. JONES,
J. H. McCLAIN.

J. E. MILES,
J. A. SELDEN,
A. W. SKARDON,
R. D. SOUTHWELL.

Basses

A. G. BLACKLOCK,
J. W. GRESHAM,
F. R. KIMBROUGH,
R. F. McMILLAN.

S. N. BIRD,
O. N. TORIAN,
A. H. WOODWARD,
L. G. H. WILLIAMS.





J. C. MORRIS

Director.

First Tenors

T. T. WALSH,

S. C. BECKWITH,

F. H. BURRELL,

W. W. JONES.

Second Tenors

R. BENEDICT,

J. H. McCLAIN,

S. A. WRAGG,

P. BERGHAUS.

First Basses

R. F. McMILLAN,

J. W. GRESHAM,

O. N. TORIAN,

A. G. BLACKLOCK.

Second Basses

F. T. CONSTANT,

H. CHAMBLISS,

W. B. NAUTS,

S. D. WILCOX.



AT THE JUNIOR GERMAN

He: May I have the pleasure of a dance?
She: Certainly if it is any pleasure



The Senior German Club



Officers

S. C. BECKWITH	<i>President.</i>
W. C. ROBERTSON	<i>Vice President.</i>
RICHARD HOBBS, JR.	<i>Secretary.</i>
A. R. YOUNG	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Members

A. G. BLACKLOCK,	R. M. KIRBY-SMITH,
PERCY BROWN,	R. F. McMILLAN,
PAUL BERGHAUS,	W. W. MEMMINGER,
ROBERT BENEDICT,	A. A. MOORE, JR.
F. T. CONSTANT,	C. C. PINCKNEY,
HARDEE CHAMBLISS,	R. S. RUST, JR.
G. H. GLASS,	J. S. RAINE, JR.
W. M. GREEN, JR.	J. M. SELDEN,
F. G. HEBBARD,	O. N. TORIAN,
WM. HENDERSON, JR.	EDWARD WICKS,
W. W. JONES,	S. A. WRAGG.
A. H. WOODWARD.	



The Junior German Club



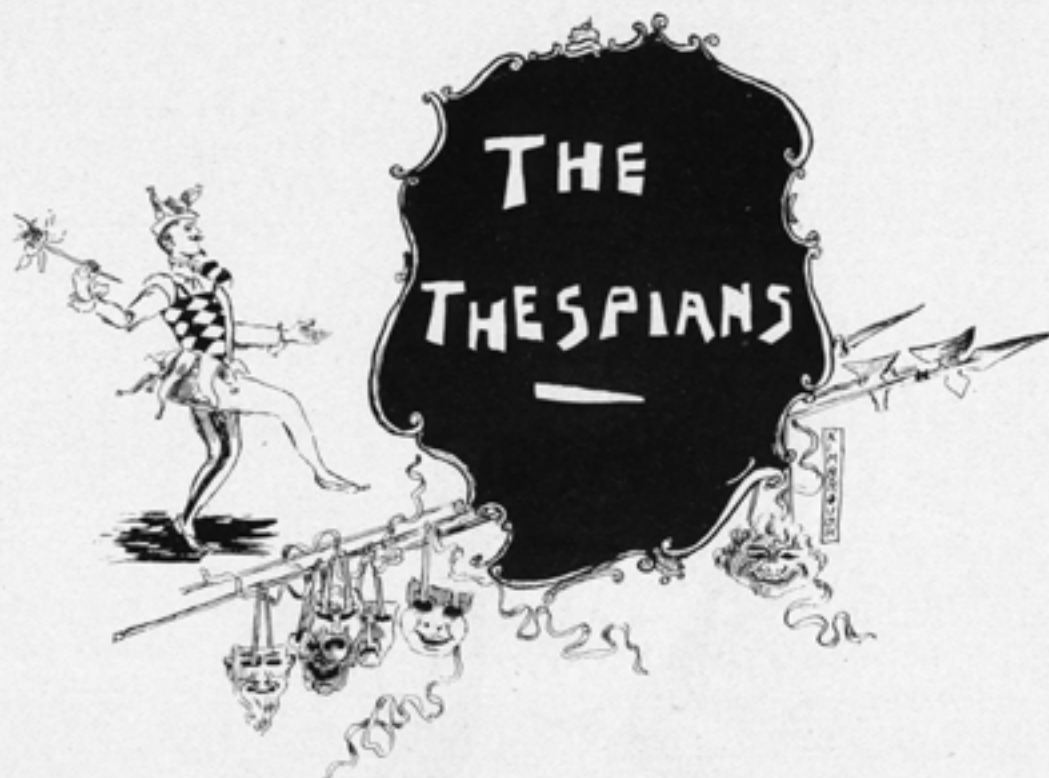
Officers

J. B. ADOUE	<i>President.</i>
E. V. STEVENSON	<i>Vice President.</i>
W. S. KIRBY-SMITH	<i>Secretary.</i>
W. F. PETTIT	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Members

W. McC. BARNWELL,
W. A. BUNTIN,
L. H. COLMORE,
C. G. ELMORE,
H. P. GALT,
W. H. GASTON, JR.
ROBERT MAXEY,
S. D. MANGUM,
P. L. STACKER,
HART CARNAHAN.





Officers

W. W. MEMMINGER, *Manager.*

F. G. HEBBARD, *Business Manager.*

C. C. PINCKNEY, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Members

S. S. MACLEAN,

J. C. MORRIS,

W. C. ROBERTSON,

G. H. GLASS,

A. R. YOUNG.

HARDEE CHAMBLISS.

Plays Presented

"Snowball," "A Cup of Tea," "A Regular Fix," "Rivals," "Above the Clouds,"
"Q. E. D.," and "Everybody's Friend."

Press Club



Officers

M. G. JOHNSTON, *President.*

G. L. TUCKER, *Manager.*



Members

C. C. PINCKNEY, Correspondent for	Nashville American.
G. L. TUCKER, Correspondent for	Mobile Register and New Orleans Picayune.
S. S. MACLEAN, Correspondent for	New York Tribune.
W. W. MEMMINGER, Correspondent for	Charleston News and Courier.
W. B. BENJAMIN, Correspondent for	New Orleans Times-Democrat.
M. G. JOHNSTON, Correspondent for	Nashville Banner.
T. T. WALSH, Correspondent for	Church Standard and The Churchman.
R. W. HOGUE, Correspondent for	Marion Standard and Birmingham Age-Herald.
C. S. WOOD, Correspondent for	Atlanta Journal.
F. W. AMBLER, Correspondent for	Southern Churchman.
F. G. HEBBARD, Correspondent for	Southern University Magazine.
C. B. K. WEED, Correspondent for	The Living Church.

MISSION- -ARY



SOCIETY

J. W. C. JOHNSON

President.

C. S. WOOD

Secretary.

REV. R. K. SMITH

Treasurer.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew

Sewanee Chapter, No. 1042



Officers

CALEB B. K. WEED	<i>Director.</i>
W. M. GREEN, JR.	<i>Vice Director.</i>
W. C. PICKENS	<i>Secretary.</i>
F. H. HARDING	<i>Treasurer.</i>



St. Luke's Brotherhood

For the Increase of the Ministry



Officers

REV. W. P. DuBOSE, S. T. D.	<i>President.</i>
F. W. AMBLER	<i>Secretary.</i>
J. W. C. JOHNSON	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Executive Committee

T. T. WALSH,	J. W. GRESHAM,
REV. W. A. GUERRY,	J. D. WARREN,
PROF. B. L. WIGGINS,	F. W. AMBLER,
REV. W. P. DuBOSE.	M. G. JOHNSTON.



THOMPSON HALL



TREMLUTT HALL

Tremlett Hall

YELL—"Tremlett, Rah! Tremlett, Rah!
Tremlett Sunflower, Wah-who-wah!
Box, Cox, Sunday Sox,
Tremlett! Tremlett! Hot as a Fox!"

COLOR Yellow.
FLOWER The Sunflower.
FAVORITE DISH Chicken and Onions.
FAVORITE AIR "The Tremlett March,"
Composed by Mr. Wm. Weems Jones, of Louisiana.

List of Tremlett Men

MR. BOOSTER, Alabama.	REV. J. FEARNLEY, England.	R. J. PICKETT, Louisiana.
PAUL BERGHAUS, Delaware.	G. H. GLASS, Texas.	C. C. PINCKNEY, South Carolina.
PERCY BROWN, Tennessee.	F. G. HEBBARD, New York.	M. A. REEVE, Tennessee.
W. A. BUNTIN, Tennessee.	WM. HENDERSON, JR., Louisiana.	J. S. RAINE, JR., Georgia.
A. H. DAVIS, Kentucky.	W. W. JONES, Louisiana.	O. N. TORIAN, Indiana.
W. P. DONALSON, Texas.	J. E. MILES, Maryland.	A. H. WOODWARD, Alabama.
K. M. DOUGLAS, Indiana.	J. C. MORRIS, Kentucky.	A. R. YOUNG, South Carolina.

Young Men's Chicken Association

OBJECT—"To provide a home for destitute old hens."

WM. WEEMS JONES, Louisiana	<i>President.</i>
FREDERIC G. HEBBARD, New York	<i>Vice President.</i>
C. COTESWORTH PINCKNEY, South Carolina	<i>Secretary.</i>
J. EDWARD MILES, Maryland	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Walking Club

REV. JOHN FEARNLEY,	J. EDW. MILES,
F. G. HEBBARD,	WM. W. JONES.

Tremlett Glee Club

FAVORITE SELECTION—"The Owl and the Pussy Cat."

W. W. JONES,	O. N. TORIAN,	J. E. MILES,	A. H. WOODWARD.
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Mandolin and Guitar Club

GLASS	} <i>Mandolins.</i>	BERGHAUS	} <i>Guitars.</i>
JONES		DAVIS	
MILES		RAINE	
HENDERSON		PINCKNEY	
BUNTIN, <i>Banjo.</i>		DONALSON, <i>Violin.</i>	
		WOODWARD, <i>Flute.</i>	

St. Luke's Hall



BORROWED.

YELL,—Ching! Ching! Ching!
Chow! Chow! Chow!
Chinese hash and a
Bow! Wow! Wow!
Saint Luke's!



St. Luke's Organizations

(To be found elsewhere in this book)

THE HOMILETIC SOCIETY,
THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
ST. LUKE'S BROTHERHOOD,
ST. LUKE'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION,
ST. LUKE'S BASEBALL NINE, Champions 1895.
ST. LUKE'S TENNIS CLUB.



Officers

WILLY BIGGS, *Tyrant.*

B. COLLARMORE, *Torturer.*

DEACON SMITH, *Funeral Orator.*

Banquets

Every day at 7.30 A.M., 1.00 P.M. and 6.30 P.M.

Menu

Leather and Sour Molasses (red ones).

Favorite Poison: Ice Cream.

Pall Bearers

JOHNSON,

BURRELL,

SMITH,

MATTHEWS,

BEEAN,

JOYNER.

Deceased

AMBLER,

BASSETT,

WARREN,

BENEDICT,

SOUTHWELL,

MACLEAN.

On Sick List

JOHNSTON,

GRESHAM,

WOOD,

MIKELL,

HOGUE.

Marble Top Club



FAVORITE PUBLIC CHARACTER	Mr. E. Fitzwilliam Nye.
FAVORITE SONG	"After the <i>Bald</i> ."
FAVORITE PETS	The Mexican Pelon Dog and American Bald Eagle.
PET AVERSIONS	Football, Flies, Looking Glasses, and Barber Shops.
FAVORITE BEVERAGE	Hair Restorer.



Officers

MR. BURRELL	<i>President.</i>
MR. MILES	<i>Secretary.</i>



Life Members

MR. BURRELL.	MR. SPEARS.
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Members, Trinity Term, 1894

MR. MILES,	MR. WRAGG,
MR. MIKELL,	MR. REEVE,
MR. STEVENSON,	MR. WOOD,
MR. BURFORD.	MR. P. TUCKER.



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Active

WILLIAM BONNELL HALL, Jr., M.A., M.D.

WILLIAM CLENDENNEN ROBERTSON,

ALEXANDER GALPIN BLACKLOCK,

ROBERT FRANKLIN McMILLAN,

MERCER GREEN JOHNSTON,

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.

RICHARD SANFORD RUST, Jr.

FREDERIC GRAY HEBBARD,

HARDEE CHAMBLISS,

ALLEN HARVEY WOODWARD,

GEORGE HENRY GLASS.



Alumni

J. V. GARLINGTON, LL. B.

J. M. WOOLFOLK,

A. E. GREENE, LL. B.

R. W. B. ELLIOTT, M. A.

J. R. NICHOLLS,

J. M. MORRIS,

F. L. COYLE, M. A.

D. H. HAMILTON, M. A.

E. B. NELSON, B. A., M. D.

E. D. JOHNSTON, M. A.

F. V. WILSON,

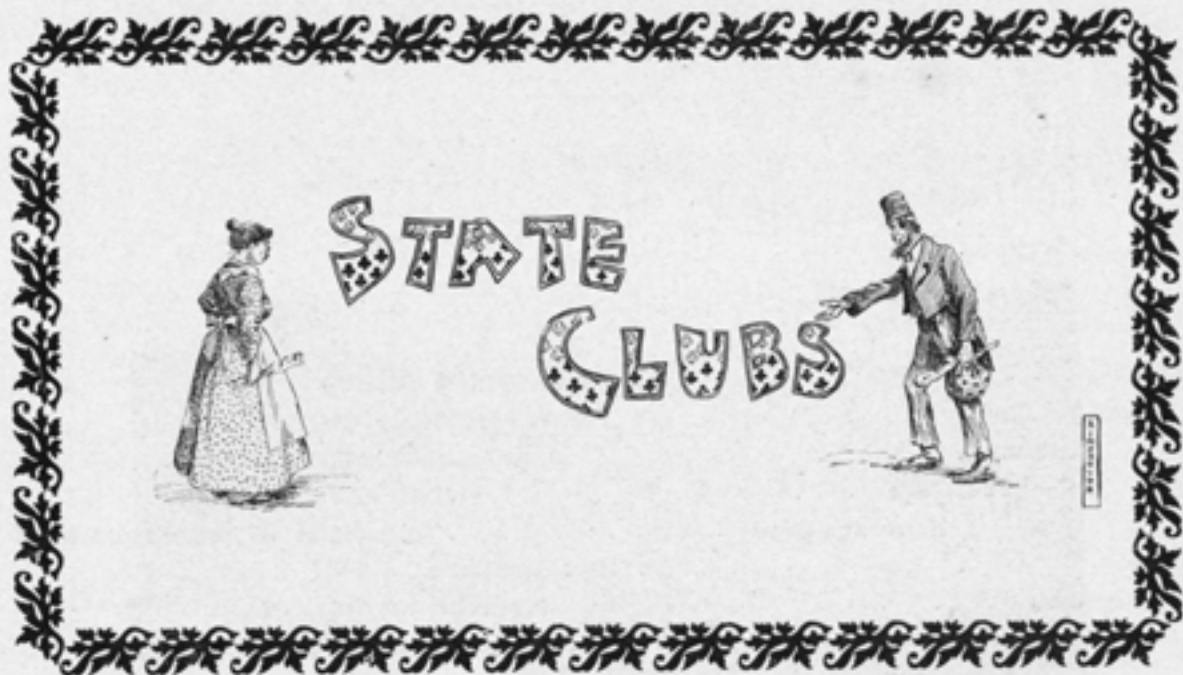
H. S. DUNBAR, C. E., B. S.

W. G. BROWN, C. E., B. S.

GRANT SHEPHERD.



VIEW FROM MORGAN'S STEEP





State Motto—
"Here we rest."

ALABAMA



COLORS—White and Navy Blue.

YELL—Rah! Rah! Rah!

Alabama!!

Ra-a-ah!!!



PRESIDENT	TRUCK GARDINER TUCKER.
VICE PRESIDENT	EDIBLE CORN COBBS.
SECRETARY	RICHARD COBBLER HOGUE.
TREASURER	WILL COTTON PICKENS.
HAMMERED DOWN	CHARLES STUFFED PARTRIDGE.
ADONIS	HEN G. SEIBELS.
SAWBONES	STEPHEN ROAD CARTER.
UNSUSPECTING VICTIM	CHARLES GETAMOVE ELMORE.
LITTLE BILLIE	WILL FETTER LOVELESS.
FIREMAN	A. HANDSOME WOODWARD.

Honorary Members

COL. HARDEE CHAMBLISS,

WILLIAM B. HALL, M. A., M. D.

GEORGE S. CLARK, C. E.

R. M. HUSE, M. A.

Plain Members

WILL HAM HURTER.

WILLIAM BEVERAGE WESTCOTT.



GEORGIA



The Cracker Club

COLOR—Lilac.

YELL—G-E-O-R-G-I-A!

Georgia Crackers!

— you say !!



PRESIDENT . . . J. M. SELDEN.

VICE PRESIDENT . . . R. HOBBS, JR.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER . . . C. S. WOOD.



Members

FRANCIS WIDOWRUSHER AMBLER,

STEWED SAWDUST MACLEAN,

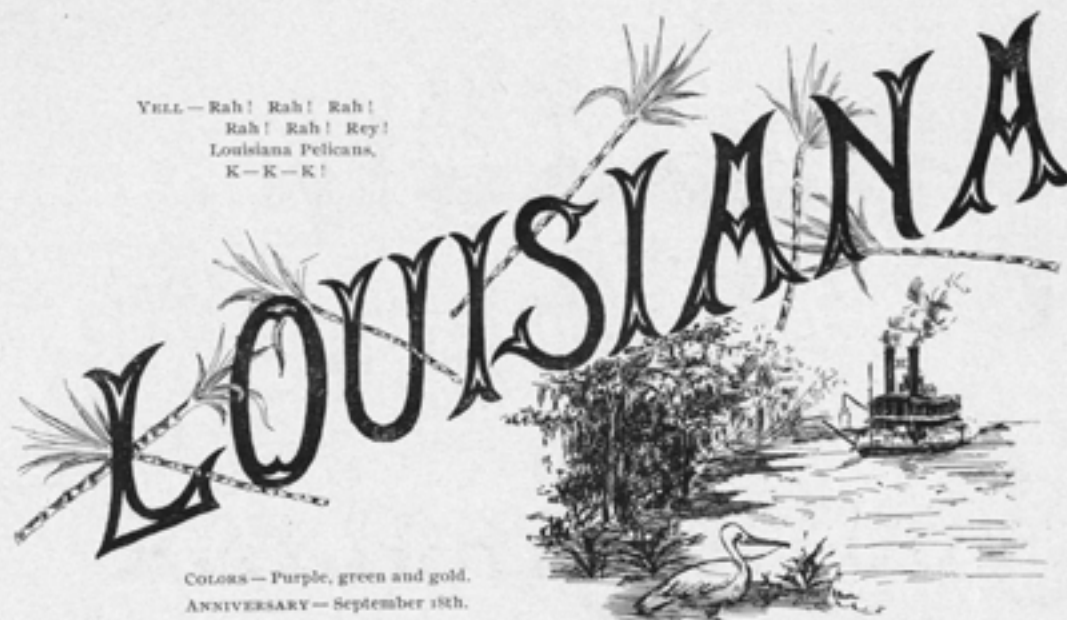
R. S. RUST, JR., *alias* "SALLY," *alias* "RUSTY," After-dinner Speaker,

JACK SELDEN, The "Eustis" of this Section,

LUTHER "CAN-I-DO-ANYTHING-FOR-YOU?" WILLIAMS.

J. R. RAINE, JR., Holder of the Prize of Beauty.

YELL — Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Rah! Rah! Rey!
 Louisiana Pelicans,
 K—K—K!



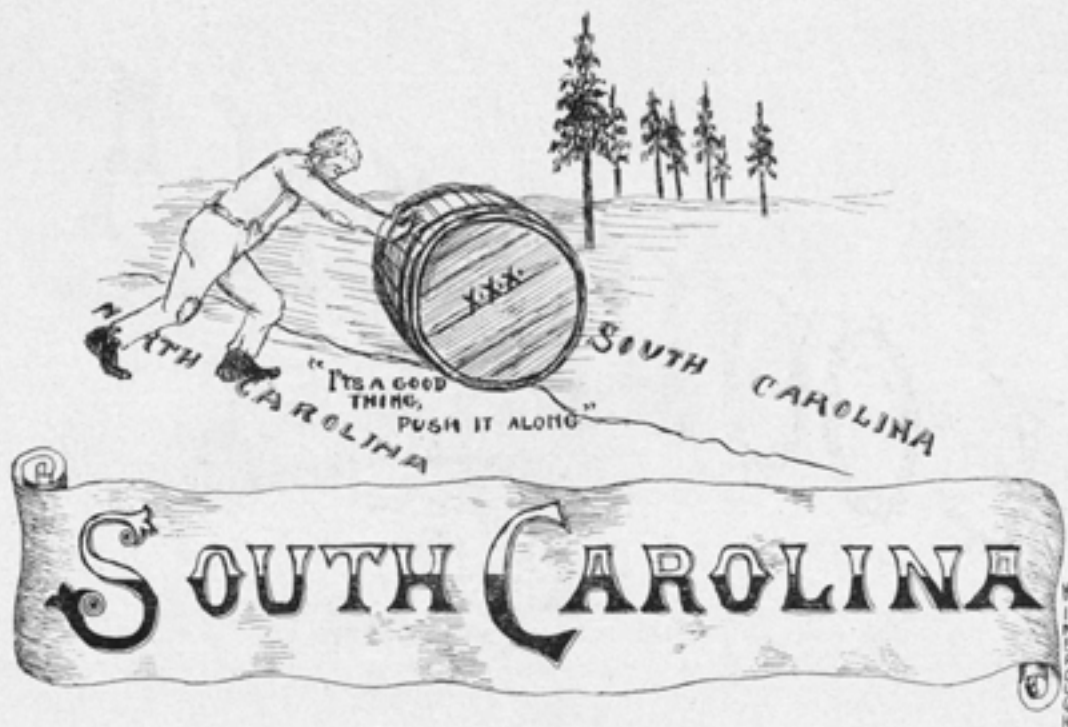
COLORS — Purple, green and gold.
 ANNIVERSARY — September 18th.

Officers

F. T. CONSTANT	Hydra.
W. B. BENJAMIN	Dragon.
W. S. SLACK	Fury.

Members, with Their Occupations

J. W. GRESHAM, <i>Punster.</i>	E. H. FARRAR, JR., <i>Sleeper and Back Stop.</i>
W. S. SLACK, <i>Keeper of Giraffes.</i>	W. HENDERSON, JR., <i>Agent for Mellin's Food.</i>
G. A. HOGSETT, <i>Rooter.</i>	F. TID-BITS CONSTANT, <i>Orator and Masher.</i>
C. BRUNING,	W. W. JONES, <i>Pres't Y. M. Chicken Ass'n.</i>
W. J. EMMER, } <i>Meat Dealers.</i>	W. F. PETTIT, <i>Ex-Baseball Player.</i>
M. A. YOUNG,	R. J. PICKETT, <i>Student.</i>
J. S. TANNER, <i>Has none.</i>	A. W. SKARDON, <i>Bishop, Warrior and Band Leader.</i>
R. D. SOUTHWELL, <i>Decorator.</i>	HEAVY-WEIGHT BENJAMIN, <i>Lady Paralyzer.</i>
S. WILSON, <i>Member N. O. Mafia.</i>	W. B. BENJAMIN, <i>Dead-Game Sport.</i>



COLORS—Sky Blue and White.

YELL—Boom, ah! Boom, ah!
South Carolina!
Hurrah! hurrah!
Palmetto State, ah!

Officers

PRESIDENT . . . J. W. C. JOHNSON.
VICE PRESIDENT . ALBERTUS ADAIR MOORE.
SECRETARY . . . HARRY J. MIKELL.
TREASURER . . . A. R. YOUNG.
PADEREWSKI . . .

SAWED-OFF . . . JOHN HENRY BROWN.
TILLMANITE . CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.
EDWIN BOOTH . WILLIS WILKINSON MEMMINGER.
HEAVY-WEIGHT . WILLIAM MCCASLAN BARNWELL.
ST. JOHN COURTENAY.

Honorary

B. L. WIGGINS, M. A., *Vice Chancellor*.
W. A. GUERRY, M. A., B. D.

W. P. DuBOSE, S. T. D.
R. M. DuBOSE.

B. J. RAMAGE, Ph. D.
S. J. DUFFIE, Ph. G.

Sports

HOWARD SANK RISLEY.

THOMAS TRACY WALSH.

GEORGE CROFT WILLIAMS.

Member

WILLIAM HASKELL DuBOSE, M. A.



All attempts at organization of the Tennessee Club have failed. Meeting after meeting was called; but no sooner had some one taken the chair, and the question of organization been thrown open for discussion, than the meeting resolved itself into a free fight. Finally a committee on membership was appointed (by itself), and it reported that nobody except the members of the committee were eligible for membership. The report not being accepted, the meeting adjourned to Sam Biery's watermelon patch to discuss the subject further. It is reported that harmony reigns, but that organization is as remote as ever. The above is a snap-shot of ten choice spirits who figured in the meetings. Puzzle: Find "Farmer" Blacklock.



COLOR — Light Blue.

YELL — Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 TEXAS! Texas!
 Old Lone Star!
 Rah!!!

Annual Banquet

San Jacinto Day, April 21.

Favorite Dish

Hot Tomales.

Favorite Drink

Mescal.

Officers

COL. W. CLENDENNEN ROBERTSON	<i>President.</i>
MAJ. M. GREEN JOHNSTON	<i>Vice President.</i>
BRIG. GEN. WARD (SEMINARY) DABNEY	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>

Members and Their Professions

J. BAPTISTE ADOUE	Preacher and Dude.	ED. WICKS	Lamplighter and Constable.
J. M. CRANK	Organ Grinder.	JEAN VALJ. STEVENSON	Philanthropist.
HART CARNAHAN	Dancing Master.	W. C. ROBERTSON	Prize Fighter.
W. P. DONALSON	Cat Torturer.	M. G. JOHNSTON	Stump Speaker.
BILLY GASTON	Prize Fighter.	W. DABNEY	The Original Tom Thumb.
ROBERT MAXEY	Seamstress.	H. F. DUNLAVEY	Jay-bird.
W. L. SMITH	Prize Fighter.		



RESIDENCE OF BISHOP QUINTARD AND VICE CHANCELLOR WIGGINS



University Reading Room



S. D. WILCOX

Acting Librarian.



Dailies

New York Herald.

New York Tribune.

Nashville American.

Weeklies

Chat.

Public Opinion.

Harper's Weekly.

The Nation.

Southern Churchman.

Nashville Times.

Life.

American Economist.

The Churchman.

Nature.

Puck.

Illustrated London News.

The Living Church.

St. Andrew's Cross.

Fortnightlies

The Literary World.

The Dial.

Magazines

Harper's.

Century.

Mid-Continent.

Education.

Scribner's.

Outing.

Macmillan's.

McClure's.

Cosmopolitan.

The American University.

Popular Science Monthly.

Reviews

The North American.

Quarterly Journal of Economics.

Denison Quarterly.

The Nineteenth Century.

Yale.

Contemporary.

Fortnightly.

Sewanee Review.



Greek Medal

KENTUCKY

'78, Davis Sessums, Louisiana.
'83, J. W. Percy, Mississippi.
'84, W. A. Guerry, South Carolina.
'85, G. R. Bellinger, South Carolina.

'86, J. B. Jones, Alabama.
'87, O. T. Porcher, South Carolina.
'88, J. B. Elliott, Jr., Louisiana.
'89, Quincy Ewing, Louisiana.
'90, I. Ball, Jr., South Carolina.

'91, W. H. McKellar, S. Carolina.
'92, C. P. Cocke, Virginia.
'93, F. L. Coyle, Louisiana.
'94, Spruille Burford, New York.

Latin Medal

MASTER'S

'83, J. W. Percy, Mississippi.
'84, E. S. Elliott, Georgia.
'85, W. B. Hall, Jr., Alabama.
'86, O. T. Porcher, South Carolina.

'87, J. B. Jones, Alabama.
'88, J. C. Morris, Kentucky.
'89, J. B. Elliott, Jr., Louisiana.
'90, E. H. Rowell, Maine.

'91, W. Barnwell, South Carolina.
'92, E. B. Nelson, Michigan.
'93, E. D. Johnston, Alabama.
'94, R. W. B. Elliott, Tennessee.

French Medal

HODGSON

'72, S. M. Malhiot, Louisiana.

LOUISIANA

'78, W. N. Barton, Louisiana.

'83, E. S. Elliott, Georgia.

RUGGLES-WRIGHT

'84, T. J. De La Hunt, Indiana.
'85, A. H. Dashiell, Texas.
'86, P. H. Miller, Georgia.

'87, B. F. Whitner, Jr., Florida.
'88, _____
'89, D. H. Hamilton, N. Carolina.
'90, E. H. Rowell, Maine.

'91, _____
'92, E. P. Gaillard, South Carolina.
'93, W. W. Jones, Louisiana.

German Medal

HODGSON

'76, H. H. Lummis, Texas.

'86, G. L. Crocket, Texas.

VAN HOOSE

'91, E. F. Howard, Mississippi.

'92, E. D. Johnston, Alabama.

'94, H. J. Mikell, South Carolina.

'93, J. M. Northrup, Kentucky.

English Medal

PRICE

'91, Hudson Stuck, England.

'92, F. E. Shoup, Tennessee.

'94, J. A. Chapin, Kentucky.

'93, —————

Rhetoric Medal

MARKS

'90, Louis Tucker, Alabama.

Spanish Medal

TEXAS

'85, R. T. Brownrigg, Mississippi.

'86, P. F. Green, Mississippi.

'92, F. L. Frost, South Carolina.

'88, L. H. Mattair, Florida.

Elocution

LYMAN

'77, S. W. King, South Carolina.

'83, N. B. Harris, Mississippi.

'88, Robert Gibson, Texas.

'78, Ralph Steiner, ———

'84, C. T. Wright, Tennessee.

'89, P. T. Gadsden, S. Carolina.

'79, H. W. Blanc, ———

'85, W. B. Thompson, Texas.

'90, W. D. Cleveland, Texas.

'80, W. H. Moreland, ———

'86, J. G. Glass, S. Carolina.

'91, A. Boucher, Louisiana.

'81, W. A. Guerry, S. Carolina.

'87, R. E. L. Craig, Kentucky.

'92, H. C. Semple, Kentucky.

'82, W. M. Miles, ———

'93, A. S. Cleveland, Texas.

KNIGHT

'94, S. S. Maclean, Georgia.

Oratory

LOUISIANA

'94, M. G. Johnston, Texas.

Conundrums



Mysterious information concerning our Mystic Masters, which we have been allowed to give on the condition that we have nothing better with which to pad our pages.



My first is an artificial head covering ;
My second is a snare ;
My whole is promising.

Decapitate me and I am more than I was before.

My first is a kind of butter ;
My second is what humanity dreads ;
My whole is a Dean.

Decapitate me and you will have to send a collector after me.

My first droppeth from heaven ;
My second is what every girl likes to have ;
My whole is dubious.

Take away my first and I will sing ; my first and second and I will float.

My first makes money ;
My second holds money ;
My whole loves money.

Why is Sewanee like a desert island ? Because there is no husbandry here.

My first grows in shady places ;
My second is cleansing or misleading ;
My whole is a psychological study.

My whole goes dry in summer ; decapitate me and I am a measure of length.

My first is the French for war ;
My second is the Scotch for whisky ;
My whole is opposed to both.

As I stand I am nothing ; decapitate and replace with "W" and I am repulsive.

Books of the Year

- "Society as I Found It" By L. H. Colmore.
- "Proper Use of Greek and Roman Ponies" By W. C. Robertson.
The author having a large stable, is prepared to speak on the subject.
- "The Abominable Custom of Using Trots" By W. D. Matthews.
- "Reminiscences of My Life as a Base Ball Player" By Prof. Nauts.
- "The Hearts I Have Broken" By Little Benjamin.
- "Squeezing, in All Its Ramifications and Refinements" By Prof. Moore.
- "Diamond, Platform and Pulpit; or the Story of My Life" By Jean Valjean Stevenson.
- "Social Etiquette" By Mr. R. S. V. P. P. M. D. Dowdall.
Mr. Dowdall led most of the "Merry-go-rounds" at Sewanee last winter, and is therefore entitled to be heard on this subject.
- "After Dinner Speeches" By R. S. Rust, Jr.
Mr. Rust may be easily reckoned the Chauncey M. Depew of the South.
- "Taffy; How to Make and Serve It" By J. Wilmer Gresham.
- "Public Spirit" By Prof. Wells.
- "The Story of My Life" By Bishop Skardon.
Warrior, Preacher, and Leader of the Bob-Town Band.
- "Confessions of An English Actress Eater" By Sir James D. Warren.
- "A Pastoral Study" By A. R. Young.
- "How I Became a Darling" By S. C. Beckwith.
- "Midway Plaisance by Moonlight" By J. W. C. Johnson.
Mr. Johnson's experiences were truly marvelous, and he talks of them frankly.
- "West Point: A Vision" By R. F. McMillan.

Applied Quotations

I am a masher, I am.—*Constant*.
 I cannot 'bide water.—*Woodward*.
 The windy little editor.—*Johnston*.
 I am mollyfied.—*Bishop Sk-rd-u*.
 I would fain die a dry death.—*Sam*.
 Unlock thy copious stores.—*F-b-ks*.
 How dull it is to pause.—*R. S. Rust, Jr.*
 Those saints without the shirts.—*Theologues*.
 The soul of this man is in his clothes.—*Wood*.
 I am a man—that is, I wear pants.—*Benjamin*.
 To be fantastic may become a youth.—*Teeters*.
 Methinks I am becoming a god.—*Memminger*.
 Oh, he was gentle, mild and virtuous.—*Cl-rk*.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend.—*Berghaus*.
 All the ladies take their hats off to me.—*Gresham*.
 Melancholy marked him for her own.—*Pinckney*.
 Thou, Julia (?), hast metamorphosed me.—*Joyner*.
 He was a man of an unbounded stomach.—*Wragg*.
 What's in a name?—*Caleb Brintnall Knevals Weed*.
 I am not shaped for sportive tricks.—*"Chob" Farrar*.
 Drill sergeant to his lordship's lettuces.—*C-lm-re*.
 The worst fault you have is to be in love.—*T——t*.
 Large was his bounty and his soul sincere.—*Dr. Ross*.
 Were man but CONSTANT he were perfect.—*Constant*.
 God bless the man who first invented sleep.—*Maclean*.
 And hee was fresshe as is the month of Maye.—*Elmore*.
 His face was fair, and all his features regular.—*Blacklock*.
 And where could I behold on earth another form like you?—*Bassett*.

A gentleman of the greatest promise.—*W——*.
 I ever had my victories among the women.—*Walsh*.
 His limbs were cast in manly mold,
 For hardy sports or contest bold. —*Slack*.
 He has become a lady's man with great violence.—*Moore*.
 I wept when I was born and every day shows why.—*Hobbs*.
 "I haven't got but a nickel."—*[Murfreesboro Girl] Torian*.
 — And look at *him*! Talk about your cheru-bim!—*W——s*.
 The curled darlings of our nation.—*Craighill, Buntin and Southwell*.
 Humph! Letters! The matter is worse than I thought.—*Dabney*.
 So charged with tongue that every thread is broken ere it joins.—*Matthews*.
 That gentleness which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man."—*M——s*.
 The summer pilot of an empty heart unto the shores of nothing.—*The Summer Girl*.
 I must go to the barber, for methinks I am marvelously hairy about the face.—*Jones*.
 Men, even when alone, lighten their labors by song, however rank it may be.—*Johnston*.
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman the spacious world cannot again afford.—*Dr. DuBose*.
 I 'edn't now time to make mysen a scholard while I wur maakin' mysen a gentleman.—*Hebbard*.
 Dear Drilby, come and sing Pen Polt! I am thirsting for those so beautiful chest-notes.—*G. L. Tucker*.
 'Tis, alas! his modest, bashful nature and pure innocence that makes him silent.—*C. B. Colmore*.

Overheard



DR. WELLS (*to Hogue, in German*)—"What are you giggling about? You don't know any more about it than Mr. Matthews."



MILES—"How's your leg getting on, Joe?"

RAINE—"It don't seem to make much headway, Eddy. I've been rubbing it for the last two or three days with that chloroform liniment of yours up there."

MILES—"Why, you blamed lunatic; that's my hair restorer!"



PROF. TRENT (*in History*)—"Why is England called the Mother Country?"

NEW JUNIOR—"I suppose, sir, because it has a queen."



DR. WELLS (*referring to Constant, who is asleep, when he calls on him in German*)—"Pray, don't disturb him, gentlemen. He must have been out last night." (*Constant wakes.*)



RISLEY (*reading French*)—"Et il tirait toujours, si rapidement, que le canon de son chassepot." "And he tiraded always so rapidly that the cannon of the sound of the chassepot."

DR. WELLS—"That will do, Mr. Risley."



A Vision

How peacefully he sleeps! The very babe
Within its cradle has no softer breath
Than his which scarce the breath
Of one light feather would upbear
To send it gently twirling off his nose.
But hark, upon the stillness of the night
There comes a noise.

A dusky shape steals through the open window
Raised high to let the air of heaven
Have access free. He comes, but yet
His foot, soft falling, gives no sign.
A cord he holds within his hand which he,
With fiendish and devilish expression,
Upon the great toe of the sleeper ties,
And with his cat-like step withdraws
From out the window. O ye fiends!
Such shrieks as from the damned
In torment might arise ring forth
Upon the night. Such whoops and howls,
Such yells as one might think would come
From the distorted dream of some
Most gentle Junior who at a banquet
Had partaken of mince pie.
The vision ended, but the memory remains,
And in immortal words is set forth here.

Mountain Echoes

'Varsity Yells



RAH, RAH, REE! VARSITEE!
 HEY UP! HEY UP!
 SEWANEE!
 SEWANEE RAH! SEWANEE RAH!
 SEWANEE PURPLE!!
 SISS! BOOM! AH!!!
 U of S! Rah rah! Rah rah!
 U of S! Rah rah! Rah rah!
 Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
 Sewanee, Sewanee, Rah rah rah!!
 Rah, rah, ree! Who are we?
 S-e-w-a-n double e!
 Rough! tough! We're the stuff!
 We play football, never get enough!
 Rah!!
 S-o-u-p Soup! C-o-u-p Soup!
 S-o-u-p! C-o-u-p!
 Soup! Soup!! Soup!!!

Hippity huss! Hippity huss!
 What in the —'s the matter with us?
 Nothing at all! Nothing at all!
 We're the boys that play baseball!

Vanderbilt, Vanderbilt,
 Left in the lurch!
 Down with the Methodist,
 Up with the Church!!

Hobbledy, gobbledy, razzledy hilt!
 Gobble up, gobble up Vanderbilt!

Rah rah rah!
 Rah rah ree!
 What's the matter with
 Sewanee?
 Hobbledy, gobbledy, siss boom ah!
 Sewanee, Sewanee!
 Rah rah rah!!

Songs

TUNE—*Bile 'em Down.*

Holiday, holiday,
 Hey up, hey up, holiday!
 We don't care what you say,
 We must have a holiday!

CHORUS—Rah rah ree! 'Varsitee!

Rah rah ree! Our V. C.!
 What's the matter with our V. C.?
 Rough, tough, he's the stuff,
 He's all right! Our V. C.!

CHORUS—Bile 'em down! etc.

Bile 'em down! Bile 'em down!
 Bile that soft thing down!
 Put old Vandy in the pot!
 Bile that soft thing down!
 CHORUS—Rah, ree! 'Varsity! etc.
 Touch 'em down, touch 'em down,
 Touch that football down!
 Put old Vandy in the soup!
 And touch that football down!
 CHORUS—Rah rah ree! 'Varsity! etc.

Who are the stuff? we are the stuff!
 We are the stuff, the people say!
 We are the stuff, we are the stuff!
 We, we, Se-wanee!!



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 - CHICKEN -



AN AUTUMN FANCY—

Hi-rickety, hoopity daw!
What's the matter with Alpha Tau!
Hullabaloo! rickety row!
Aus gesicht is A. T. O.
Rah hoo rah! Rah hoo rah!
We're the boys of Alpha Tau,
One beer and three straws!
Give three cheers for the Alpha Taus!

Phi Alpha, Allokazee!
Phi Alpha, Allokazon!
Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha,
Sigma Alpha Epsilon!

Rah rah rah!
Crescent and Star!
Vive la, vive la!
Kappa Sigma!!

Fraternity Yells

Rah rah rah!
Rah rah rah!
Rah rah rah!
Alpha Tau Omega, Rah!

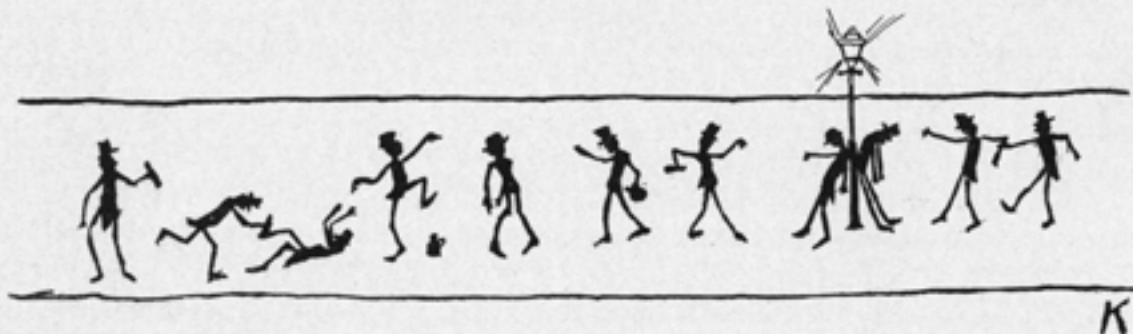
Rah rah rah!
Phi keia!
Phi Delta Theta,
Rah rah rah!!

Delta Tau Delta Rah rah! Rah rah!
Delta Tau Delta Rah rah! Rah rah!
Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
Delta! Delta! Rah rah rah!

Rah rah Delta!
Delta Tau Delta!
Rah rah, Delta Tau!
Delta Tau Delta!!

Hoopla, hoopla, hoopla ree!
 Heap good chapter D. T. D.
 Delta Tau! Delta Tau!
 Every Delta love his squaw!
 Tomahawk and much pappoose,
 Heap big Injun done broke loose!
 Hoopla, hoopla, hoopla ree!
 Heap good chapter D. T. D.

Hi-rickety, hoopla ray!
What's the matter with old K. A. !
Vive la, vive la, vive la ray!
Kappa Alpha, rah rah ray!!



~ STATISTICS ~

K

AS this was the first time an effort had been made to secure statistics of the University, some difficulty was experienced. There was an inclination to treat the questions submitted for answers as a huge joke, in spite of requests to the contrary, and the committee had to wade waist-deep through the keenest wit to reach the following conclusions. Some of the answers were so obviously in bad faith that they had to be thrown out.

The average student is 21 years old, weighs 151 pounds, is 5 feet 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height, and spends \$451 per annum.

Prof. Trent was voted the most popular professor, Prof. Fearnley receiving the next highest number of votes.

Pickett was declared the hardest student, Murray next.

"Fritz" Hebbard was voted the best dressed student, Pinckney second.

The most popular student is "Farmer" Blacklock, Morris and Robertson receiving second and third places.

J. C. Morris was voted the handsomest man in college, Pat Stacker coming in for a good second place.

Frank Constant and Beckwith were both "in it" for the greatest "masher," but Frank got it. "Chob" Farrar received several votes also. "Chob" now tips the beam at about 225 pounds.

"Coach" Pinckney was voted the biggest dude, winning over McMillan.

J. W. Gresham received the highest number of votes for the most intellectual student, G. L. Tucker next.

The most prominent student was declared to be M. G. Johnston, A. G. Blacklock next. Scott received the largest number of votes for the favorite author.

Cleveland was voted the favorite living public man, with Gladstone as next choice.

The greatest need of the University was pretty unanimously agreed to be money. One man said a baseball team, and another brains.

Fifty-two per cent of the students belong to the literary societies, and about the same per cent favor compulsory chapel.

The average hour of retiring seems to be about 12.15 A.M., and of rising, 7.10 A.M.

Eighty per cent of the students play cards; 60 per cent play chess; 75 per cent play whist; 55 per cent play baseball; 35 per cent play football; and 20 per cent play tennis.

Eighty per cent subscribe to *The Purple*, and 43 per cent take "gym."

The vote as to what should be done with the Grammar School, resulted somewhat curiously—25 per cent only voting to remove it.

Seventy per cent saw the Vanderbilt-Sewanee football game on Thanksgiving Day last year, and 75 per cent propose to see it this year.

Only five per cent wear mustaches, and 15 per cent eye-glasses; 80 per cent smoke; 65 per cent dance; 72 per cent attend all games played by Varsity on home grounds.

The race for the ugliest man was close between Bassett and Raine, but the Deacon came out on top, owing, probably, to his numerous friends in St. Luke's.

Galt was declared the funniest man.

Eighty per cent of the students are Democrats, 4 per cent Republicans, and 16 per cent Mugwumps; only 10 per cent favor free and unlimited coinage of silver.

Everybody enjoys the life at Sewanee, and most everybody proposes to send his sons here.

Seventy-five per cent of the students prefer the winter vacation as we have it.

Sixty per cent of the students are in love, and sixty per cent prefer brunettes to blondes. One man said he preferred brunettes to blondes, but was in love with a blonde.

The committee hopes that next year the questions for statistics will all be answered in good faith, so that the statistics will be more reliable than these are.

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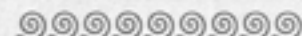
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